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by Kingsley Martin

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Will Mr Gaitskell Help Us?

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Algerian Tragedy
by R. H. S. Crossman

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The Old Entertainer

THAT old actor-manager, Mr Harold Macmillan, has played many parts in his time. We have seen Mac the Crofter's Grandson—and Mac the Duke's Son-in-Law. We have had MacJingo, the Suez Warrior—and MacArtful, who carted poor old Sir Anthony, and then stole Mr Butler's heir-apparent garters. Then there was Mac the Unflappable, dismissing the Cecils as 'a little local difficulty'; MacWonder, speeding to Nicosia to 'solve' the Cyprus problem; SuperMac, the political Houdini who could make even Mr Selwyn Lloyd seem alive; and, finally TarMac, the great arterial engineer, opening the Preston bypass.

It was the last that did it. 'Never try and play Hamlet after 60,' said Beerbohm Tree. The cracks and fissures, the puddles and pistules oozing water in Lancashire suddenly brought that long-suffering audience, the British public, to its senses. Though the Old Entertainer still carries on, knee-joints cracking, sweat pouring down the grease-paint, his spell is broken: the groundlings are beginning to look beyond the limelight to the realities.

Suez, for instance. The last bills have come in, and it now appears that this 'brilliant' (Mr Anthony Head) operation has altogether cost the British taxpayer some £780 million—25 times as much as the Groundnuts scheme. Moreover, after keeping Nasser in 'diplomatic quarantine' for two years, the government is now finding it difficult to persuade him to come out.

Then there are the Cuba Follies. This week the government produced two new theories. The first, from Lord Landsdowne, was that its behaviour was impeccable since 'the Americans kept a military mission there until the last moment'. The second, from Lord Hailsham, was that the Foreign Office didn't need to send information because 'the people of this country could have learned there was a state of civil war from the newspapers, which are their proper source of information'. A somewhat confused line of defence, particularly since Our Man in Havana, after listening in silence while the government, with characteristic gallantry, allowed him to take all the blame, has now let it be known that information was sent after all, and somehow got lost in Mr Selwyn Lloyd's in-tray.

Further treats are in store. We shall soon have the annual defence White Paper pantomime. Two years ago, we were going to become a great power again, without having to pay for it. Now, it seems, with five whole H-bombs in the stockpile, defence will cost us an extra £100 million a year. The army was to be cut to 168,000; now, mysteriously, it is to be 185,000. We were to have no more manned bombers, because they were obsolete. Now, two years later, they have suddenly become vital. While Mr Sandys and the brasshats were arguing about these, 3,000 British troops were landed in Jordan, without adequate air transport, without supporting tanks or artillery—and, as Colonel Wigg has revealed, with the wrong calibre ammunition.

Now that the mask—as well as the Gallup poll—is slipping, signs of panic are appearing in the unflappable ranks. There is the odd disappearance from politics of Commander Noble, who joins the 60 other Tory MPs who are selling out their shares in the firm. There is the creeping neurosis in the City which, lemming-like, chose martyrdom on the altar of British Aluminium, and then blamed it all on the newspapers. There are the curious antics in Bournemouth where, apparently, the local Tory Association cannot even be trusted to conduct an honest poll of its members. And there are acrimonious noises-off from the House of Lords where, with no Cecil to lead it, the government has been ignominiously defeated twice in a week—one 'little local difficulty' come home to roost.

Even the Old Entertainer himself is beginning to muff his lines. On Tuesday, under fire about his disastrous north-western tour, he found himself referring to a Labour MP as 'the Honourable Supplementary'. In November, he was teasing the opposition about the election date. Now the joke has turned stale: it is the Cabinet that is nervously bickering over May or October. In the space of a few weeks, MacWonder has turned into MacFlutter Meanwhile, as the applause dies down to a giggle, the British electorate waits, with growing impatience, for his Positively Last and Final Appearance.

Comments on the Week's News

The Congress of the Victor

In 1934 Stalin called the 17th Congress of the Soviet Communist Party 'the congress of victors': the first Five Year Plan had been completed and the creation of heavy industry had laid the foundations of modern Soviet society. The 21st Congress is the beginning of a new phase, in which Krushchev—now himself the victor—will put his own mark on Soviet development. Stalin's slogan was 'Tighten your belts, comrades': Krushchev's is 'Good appetite, comrades'. If he can fulfil his promises of an easier, more prosperous life, now that the 'building of Communism' has commenced, then peaceful competition will indeed be more than a slogan. The targets may seem ambitious, but they do not seem unattainable: the rate at which the Soviet economy is now growing, both absolutely and relative to western industrial societies, offers a challenge which cannot be ignored. If Soviet agriculture can be developed more rapidly, and if there is no setback to Krushchev's somewhat risky ventures in the virgin lands, Soviet citizens will at long last begin to reap the rewards of 40 years of grinding labour. This success is one reason for Krushchev's ebullient confidence: the increasing strategic power of the Soviet Union is the other. But to carry out these plans he undoubtedly needs to reduce international tension and to limit the resources consumed by the armaments race. Of course, he would like to reach agreements with the West on his own terms. But it is foolish of Mr Dulles to dismiss the present Soviet peace offensive as 'an immense international confidence trick': even if it were, such a negative attitude merely gives Krushchev a propaganda victory and leaves the diplomatic initiative in Soviet hands. It is because a thaw in the cold war appears to suit Krushchev's current domestic needs that this is precisely the moment for the West to seek far-reaching agreements.

The Wasting Disease of Lancashire

Mr Justice Devlin's classic judgment in the Restrictive Practices Court on the minimum price agreement of the Lancashire Yarn Spinners' Association will now inevitably become a highly partisan political issue. The agreement was held to be against the public interest on three main grounds: that it forces up prices to the consumer; that the artificially high prices it fixes lose us exports; that it squanders national resources by maintaining excess capacity. On this last point the court is uncompromising: the agreement is not a necessary safeguard against cut-throat competition, but it has kept in being high-cost producers who ought to have been closing down at a rate commensurate with the fall in demand. It is difficult to see how any objective observer can dissent in principle from the justice of this. Indeed, most of the high-cost firms themselves, after an initial wail of self pity, appear to be accepting the inevitable and rushing to cash in as much as they can at the expense of their rivals before the market collapses. Neither the trade unions, however, nor the Lancashire MPs can leave the matter where it stands. In the first place, they can convincingly argue that the formal order which the court will issue next week should be post-dated for a reasonable period, to give time for special steps to be taken to alleviate the distress which will be caused. Secondly, the general condemnation of practices which squander national resources has as its corollary the positive obligation to use those resources constructively. That there will be—and in economic terms should be—drastic reductions in this already wasting industry is certain. The court itself tentatively forecasts unemployment levels of 5.9 and 7.8 per cent. in various of the areas affected. The remedy is surely not to perpetuate the restrictions of the past, which in any case would defeat themselves within a few years by their own inefficiency; but that the government should come forward with drastic proposals for shifting new industry into the dying areas of Lancashire. That cotton is a wasting asset like no other comparable great industry, has been clear for many years. Something has been done in the past 20 years—especially under the coalition and Labour governments—to diversify the industrial life of Lancashire. But not nearly enough; and now the shadow of hunger again begins to loom. The rigging of the market by inefficient cotton-spinners is rightly held to be against the national interest: so is the wasting-disease of Lancashire, which is the alternative unless the government now takes prompt action.

The Croydon Purge

Tory ratepayers have long resented the allocation of council houses to tenants who can afford TV sets, washing machines and even cars. But the Croydon Council is the first to turn this class jealousy into policy. It proposes to get rid of tenants who, with their wives, earn £1,000 a year, and to exclude from its waiting list any couples with a joint income of £750 or over. This is, of course, in line with Tory housing policy, which believes that anyone who can afford to buy a house should be driven into the arms of the building societies and the speculative builder, and that public housing should be confined to slum clearance and the poorest tenants. But it runs against sensible housing policy. It is desirable that council estates should be mixed, in occupation, income, and social status, not class ghettos: more prosperous tenants should be encouraged rather than driven out. Moreover, the demagogic emphasis on the 'subsidy' given to the prosperous council tenant disregards two important points. First, the greater part of this subsidy comes from the Treasury, and the more a tenant's income the more he contributes to this by taxes. Secondly, when Tories object to the subsidy that all ratepayers make to council housing, they overlook the far greater subsidy that is given to industry—and in rural or semi-rural areas, to farmers—by rating reliefs: factories and farms get very cheap use of public facilities. There is one other objection to the Croydon scheme that the council majority refused to entertain. By taking joint income as the test, it is discouraging women from going out to work. The number of cases in Croydon may be few, but if this rule were generally applied it would have serious consequences. It is, in fact, the household means test in a new guise.

NEXT WEEK

Labour and Trade

An examination of the Labour Party's attitude towards convertibility and the common market

by T. Balogh

Revolution in the Vatican

Many of the new Pope's innovations have caused consternation in conservative Vatican circles; none more so that his decision to summon an Oecumenical Council. By tradition, such a council is a deliberative body of the Universal Church, to which all bishops and many religious superiors have a right to attend. It is no coincidence, therefore, that none has been held since the era of Papal Infallibility completed the centralisation of the Roman Catholic Church in the second half of the 19th century. John XXIII's decision to return to this legislative method—which was really a feature of the early, revolutionary days—is thus part of his overall plan to de-centralise and democratise the Church. (He has already begun this in Italy by turning the Italian Episcopal Conference into a permanent body, with a secretariat.) In introducing the controversial doctrine of the Assumption, Pius XII infuriated many prelates by simply circularising the College of Cardinals for their opinions, and by refusing to divulge what they were. Henceforth dogma will be settled by some 3,000 representatives, and in semi-public. This, in itself, may further the reunion of the Christian churches—the ostensible object of the Council. For, though the schismatic Orthodox Church quarrelled with Rome over the doctrine of the Holy Ghost (and also over liturgical and disciplinary practices, such as sacerdotal celibacy), what has really prevented reunion in recent times is the Papacy's claims not merely to primacy but to infallibility. The doctrine itself cannot now be revoked, but in practice it will be pushed to one side. In addition, the Council is likely to proclaim new and revolutionary social teachings. The last Council, convened in 1870, was never formally disbanded; the coming Council is technically, therefore, the 20th. Those, however, who hope that Pope John will deliver a secret session speech about the doings of his illustrious predecessor may be disappointed.

The Maldive Dispute

The dispute between the Maldivian ministers and the British government sounds like an echo of the imperial 19th century. The British air force is building a staging post on the island of Gan to replace its lost rights over the Trincomalee base in Ceylon. The few hundred islanders are thus gratuitously thrust into the centre of world politics. No one would have dreamed of attacking their island until the appearance of the RAF; now they become a western military base. At the same time the life of the people of Gan is suddenly turned upside down. Their traditional society is disrupted by the opportunity of earning wages as unskilled labourers. Even members of the professions find that they can earn much more by labouring than in the jobs for which they were trained. In panic the Maldivian government is asking the RAF not to employ their people on the base. All this has happened before in many parts of the world. We should have learned by now that it is not enough to bring modern life to primitive outposts. If traditional society is to be destroyed for our own convenience, the least we can do is to give firm assurances, backed by prepared plans, to replace it by an economy which will continue to support the population after the short-term project is completed. The Maldivians may well have heard what is happening to the Maltese 150 years after their base was founded.

News from Our Own Correspondents

New York

Those Men in Havana

Fidel Castro is a victim of premature canonisation. Having been pictured for several years as the gallant knight come to bring democracy to Cuba, he has dismayed many of his admirers here by the sanguine vengefulness of his first weeks in power – as if David had followed up his job on Goliath by stoning to death a few hundred average-size Philistines with their hands tied behind them. Precisely because of Castro's reputation and pretensions, Americans who took for granted the far more wanton and extensive cruelty of Batista are shocked by the drum-head courts martial and the show trials in a sports stadium.

A quick man on the verbal trigger, Senator Wayne Morse, chairman of the Senate's subcommittee on Latin American affairs and a drastic critic of the Batista regime, rose to sound a 'word of warning' to its successor. He had urged its immediate recognition by the United States, but now he was 'horror-stricken by the new bloodbath'. Executions were bad enough, he said, but the haste and the absence of orderly trials were indefensible and no way 'to win the support of free men and women around the world'. The *Washington Post*, typical of many leading papers, echoed these sentiments, adding that 'terror has a way of passing beyond control as the appetite for vengeance increases with use'.

It is not hard, on the other hand, to find liberals who, if not quite willing to condone the executions, are eagerly willing to 'understand' them. The *Nation* has printed two dispatches from Havana by Carleton Beals, a veteran specialist in Latin American uprisings, defending Castro's current activities and praising 'the restraint of the Cuban people' after a regime whose crimes were 'almost a Buchenwald story'. The *New York Post* condemns Castro's policy of massive retaliation but wants to know where most of his critics were when Batista was shooting up the opposition, with arms and military advice from the United States. And Governor Muñoz Marin of Puerto Rico, whose judgment on Latin American matters is gospel to many a US liberal, has called for 'the greatest possible forbearance' towards the new regime.

Ironically, when the wave of vengeance is past and the new government has got down to business, there is a good chance that traditionally minded liberals will find themselves more bewildered rather than less. They will discover, for example, that organised labour in Cuba, comfortably corrupted by Batista, took no part whatever in the people's revolution and will, for a time at least, probably have little say in the new order. Mechanisation of industry, which it stubbornly resisted, will be encouraged, and already the compulsory check-off of union dues has been abolished.

Herbert Matthews, whose dispatches to the *New York Times* have been sympathetic to Castro, says of his government that 'by any standard that can be applied, it is economically and politically conservative', a view specifically shared by Governor Muñoz Marin. In their long months in the Sierra Mæstra, Castro and his army lived on contributions from wealthy Havana sympathisers, at least one important sugar magnate, and especially ex-President Carlos Prio Socarras, who has been enjoying a luxurious exile on the loot he acquired in office. Castro also has the support of the Catholic youth movement and some influential figures in the church hierarchy.

In the circumstances it should not be long before cordial relations are established with Washington. True, Batista was favoured up to a point, but ever since the Castro tide set in, official American behaviour has been exemplary. Early in January a force of marines, bound for Puerto Rican waters, was deliberately diverted from a scheduled stop at the US naval base in Cuba to 'avoid any misunderstandings'. Our pro-Batista ambassador was immediately replaced by Philip W. Bonsal, a career diplomat with a reputation for frostiness toward Latin American dictators of the standard sort. In short, the expectation seems to be that Castro will not prove to be a flaming social reformer; but, as Cuban regimes go, dollar honesty will be innovation enough.

ROBERT BENDINER

Peking

Good and Bad Medicine

A Student of the Chinese Press writes: The movement towards collectivisation which is sweeping through China today now includes the small schoolchildren. 'Handling children is more important than handling tractors or pumps,' according to Liu Shao-chih, editorially quoted in the *Kuang-ming Jih-pao*. 'If a student gets Communist education in school and receives non-Communist education at home, the result cannot be satisfactory,' the leader-writer adds. So the emphasis has shifted to boarding schools which facilitate 'unified plans for study, labour, cultural and social activities. . . . The children eat, live, labour and study together in a Communist atmosphere. . . . Boarding for primary school students answers the demand of high-speed development in industrial and agricultural production' and releases parents for 'the great leap'. 'Socialisation of Juvenile Education' is the title of an article in the *Chung-kuo Ching-nien pao*. 'One of the most important measures to mould them into a new type of person is to adapt juvenile education to the social needs. Children must go to nurseries and kindergartens to begin collective life early and must live as boarders from primary school to college, to rid themselves at an early stage of their mental development resulting from the influences of backward and selfish concepts born with the old family institution'.

The bumper crops last summer still loom large in the press and political lessons have to be learnt from them. 'The preposterous version of China's backwardness in agriculture is bankrupt', Shih Ping set out to prove in *Hsueh-hsi*. 'The bourgeois theory of agricultural economy must be thoroughly criticised', Liu Jui-lung said in the Peking *Jen Min Jih pao*. The arch heretic was Lossing Buck, 'an imperialist, and his Chinese apprentices' (Fei Hsiao-tung is mentioned), who falsely investigated the rural areas, conjured up 'evil spirits', 'practised black arts', misled the peasants about land reform and played into the hands of the rich landlords, in such books as *Land Utilisation in China*. Meanwhile the great land heroes today are those who make daring experiments in creating artificial rain and snow, in crossing different crops, to get improved strains (rice with kaoliang for example), in grafting melons on camel thorn in the Gobi Desert, and in spreading the idea of deep-ploughing.

This same belief in the superiority of everything Chinese appears with increasing frequency. The latest move is to enforce training in traditional medicine among those who have western experience. Courses must now be established in all provinces and autonomous regions to allow western-trained doctors to study Chinese medicine full-time. Liu Ta-fu, an old doctor of traditional Chinese medicine in Hunan, has now been acclaimed a hero for having successfully treated bone fracture with willow twigs. 'So far, it has been used in 49 cases in six hospitals. . . . The usual practice of doctors trained on western lines is to use human bone, plastic or stainless steel, to fix the fractured part in place. This frequently entails two operations and the healing of the bone is not as quick as when willow twigs are used in helping the patients to recover.' (New China News Agency.) The Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party has recently published the report from the party group of the Ministry of Public Health, *The Study of Traditional Medicine by Doctors of Western Medicine*. 'Owing to the impact of subservience to bourgeois academic thought, to which they had long been subjected,' the report states, 'many young doctors had prejudices against traditional medicine. Most of them thought that traditional medicine is not scientific . . . it is to go backward to study things of 2,000 years ago in an atomic age.' Over 300 young doctors were ideologically transformed in a course opened by the Traditional Medicine Research Institute, and these are now the pioneers of a Chinese 'Socialist and national new medicine', based on traditional teaching.

Monte Carlo

Sixty Hours to the Sea

Some 320 cars set off on Sunday 18 January from nine points in Europe, and in the following three nights and three days battled through snow, ice, fog and rain to reach Monte Carlo over 2,000 miles of some of Europe's most difficult roads.

The Rally is, in fact, split into two very different halves. For the first two days and nights the speeds set by the organisers do not pose very difficult problems. Barring very bad weather conditions, which do sometimes occur, there is no reason why any competent driver should not complete the course without loss of points as far as Chambery in France, where all the different routes converge. The first stage demands steady but not fast driving, with averages as low as 30 m.p.h. Official team cars carry a driver and navigator who take it in turns at the wheel, but it is possible, as in our case, to carry a crew of three. This enables one of the crew to rest completely. Our car was a British Ford Zephyr. Stockholm was selected as its starting point because this permitted a reasonably straight, and easy route through Denmark, Germany, Austria, over the Brenner into Italy and then back over the Alps.

Each country offered a different reception to the competitors. Sweden and Germany loaded us with gifts and free meals, whereas at Italian check points we could not even get a cup of coffee. German efficiency was unfortunately marked by a radar speed trap which caught many drivers.

Up to Turin, all went well, but in the Italian Alps the fun really started. Snow began to fall heavily, and we lost three-quarters of an hour digging ourselves out of the snow bank. A few kilometres farther on, the man who had won the *Daily Mail* competition, in which the prize had been a car for the Rally, was sadly surveying his vehicle, which had slid right off the road.

On the last day from Chambery to Monte Carlo,

the rally takes on a very different form. Over narrow and often untarred roads north of the Riviera high average speeds have to be sustained for about nine hours. Secret control points are set up at which one has to check in within ten seconds of the time set to do each stage. Driving and navigating skill is now subjected to the supreme test, and after 60 hours of almost non-stop driving all one's powers of concentration are needed. At many points the road is too narrow for a faster car to overtake a slower one. The French competitors scored easily here, having spent many hours in the previous weeks practising on the course. Many think it would be fairer not to announce the last day's route until the competitors arrive at Chambery; and although it is natural for the local competitors to wish to do well on this section, I do not think it excused a French entry which deliberately ran into the back of our car in an effort to drive us off the road. Only the mutual desire to reach Monte Carlo, or perhaps the fact that there were three in our car and two in the French one prevented an international incident. We just made it without losing over an hour since Stockholm: that does our car great credit.

EDWARD MONTAGU

Westminster

Gentlemen and Players

Ever since he was the smallest of small boys, Mr John Boyd-Carpenter, the Minister of Pensions and National Insurance, has wanted to be a politician. While others of his age were practising the Charleston, he was practising gestures in front of a mirror and elaborating impromptus which would knock back hecklers in his father's division. This single-minded purpose has wavered so little through the years that he is now the most professional of all the politicians in the House of Commons. He knows the technique of the parliamentary game, how in opposition to instil the maximum of malice into a courteously worded and seemingly ingenuous question, how in government to disarm without crawling.

He also knows the party game. Not for him the daring new idea, or the hint of rebelliousness. Just give him the party line and he will expound it with clarity and wit; and if the party changes its line, he will expound that, too, showing convincingly not only that the new line is right, but that the old one was right, too, and that the party was right in changing from the one to the other. The only possible bar to his progress at one time seemed to be his personal mannerisms – that bouncing walk, the grimaces which precede the production of an epigram.

Mr Richard Crossman, Labour's pensions spokesman, is wholly different. While Boyd-Carpenter was practising his gestures, Crossman was writing poetry; and even when in the early Thirties he was at last drawn into politics, he never thought to fit himself professionally for the party machine. He sought truth, which at once marks him as an amateur; and, not surprisingly, he found and still finds that truth has many facets, all of which he has to chase. This infuriates his colleagues. Crossman sends up a rocket which bursts into dazzling colours, and then he moves rapidly off to light a bonfire elsewhere. Meanwhile his more sluggish colleagues, still gazing upwards at the rocket, get hit by the falling stick.

Nearly three years ago, however, someone in Transport House, recognising the brilliance of Crossman's gifts, suggested that these would be of practical service to the party if they were canalised in a narrow field. He was given the job of working out Labour's plan for pensions, a subject which even Crossman could not expand to include Israel, the Middle East, national service, the H-bomb or other dangerous topics. Transport House calculations proved right. The Crossman pensions plan was so widely acclaimed that it forced the government to produce a plan of its own. This week in the House the two plans faced each other and so did their sponsors.

Boyd-Carpenter, as usual, did exactly what his party wanted. Last autumn, when the government proposals were first debated in outline, the party was in a retrenchment mood; so Boyd-Carpenter's emphasis was on the solvency of his scheme. Today his party is more concerned with votes than with mathematics, so Boyd-Carpenter played up the change in the earnings rule, which will involve the government in spending rather than in saving money. Elbows on the despatch box, hands clasped at chin level, he was the bank cashier dealing with a customer; and though this time, at the direction of the manager, he was extending overdrafts instead of forcing repayment, his manner was courteously, blandly unchanged. But then he made a mistake. Turning to the Labour scheme he quoted Crossman as saying that 'it will be an inflationary scheme. And it will produce disaster if people try to add to their wages the cost of their superannuation payments'. The only thing incorrect about this quotation was the full stop in the middle, which Boyd-Carpenter had put there himself and on which he based an assertion that Labour itself admitted, without qualification, that its scheme was inflationary.

The professional politician often gets away with this sort of thing on the hustings and sometimes in the House – but never with Crossman, who blazed at once. It was no good Boyd-Carpenter wrinkling his brow and shutting his eyes until the explosions subsided. Crossman kept on until he got a grudging and rather shamefaced apology and by that time the House judged that Boyd-Carpenter had tried to be a little too smart, even for an election year. When, subsequently, they heard Crossman put his own case with a fluency which seemed to owe nothing to elaborate preparation and with an authority which seemed to spring, not from the knowledge of what his party happened to want at the moment but from a conviction that what he was saying was right, I think that most members felt inclined to safeguard their own amateur status.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Fleet Street

Number, Rank and Name

Those retired generals, colonels and members of the Brigadier Belt who confine themselves to reading *The Times* may have missed the case of what the *Daily Mirror* called on Monday, in black type one and a half inches high over the whole of its front page, 'The Army and Terry Dene'. Terry Dene – now 23604106 Rifleman Terence Williams – is a 20-year-old rock-and-roll singer, reputedly earning either £150 or £350 a week, according to which press agent is handling the publicity. He is also a national serviceman. And he seems, if any military men reading this column will forgive my saying so, to have gone to the army's head.

The saga began when the army released to an expectant world the big news that Mr Terry Dene (real name Williams) had passed his medical and would shortly be taken away from his adoring fans for service with the KRRC. Thereafter the public relations department of the War Office seems to have taken over. With one of those flashes of inspiration which even army public relations officers should by now have learned to look at twice, it decided that this was just what was needed to pep up recruiting. Hastily sending for all the press cuttings of the case of Mr Elvis Presley and the American army, it went into action with all the *élan* of an army that knows victory is in the bag. From then until the great moment when Mr Dene actually joined up, Fleet Street was flooded with news. Mr Dene, the press was advised well in advance, was to be given a pre-view of army life on a special advance visit to Winchester Barracks. Photographers and reporters were invited. They were able to report that Mr Dene had given his autograph to a military policeman, shaken hands with the adjutant and had a friendly chat with the RSM, but that he would, of course, be treated as an ordinary recruit and have his hair cut.

On Wednesday of last week the news agencies flashed to all newspaper offices an urgent communiqué from Southern Command. It announced that the moment for which all were waiting would arrive the following day when Terry Dene would report at the Greenjacket Depot. Accompanied by a small army of reporters, photographers and film camera men, not to mention 30 young ladies shouting 'Terry Darling' and 'We Love You Terry,' Mr Dene entered upon his military duties along with 100 other national servicemen. Along with, but naturally apart from. The hundred were handed over to NCOs. Mr Dene was given a lieutenant to escort him – and of course the press – to the cookhouse, where by lucky chance there was chicken waiting. Rather inconsiderately Mr Dene chose a meat pie. Thereafter he was photographed eating his meat pie (with the cook standing anxiously by), drawing his bedding, marching across the square, climbing out of an army truck, lying on his bed reading, talking to his sergeant, and in various other suitable military postures. In fact, despite several cynical newspaper reporters who refused to take the operation as seriously as they should, and several even more cynical other ranks who took to singing songs when the sergeant had his eye off them, a good time was had by all. Except possibly by Mr Dene, who mentioned rather pathetically that he 'hoped to be a good soldier'.

By Sunday, however, Rifleman Dene was in hospital. 'Two-Day Soldier Terry Dene Goes Sick', reported the *News of the World*. 'I Want My Edna Says Terry the Two-Day Soldier', shouted the *Sunday Graphic*. And 'Why Did They Put Screwball Dene In The Army?' roared the *People*. The Army's golden conscript had been put under the care of a psychiatrist. 'I don't think I'll ever make a soldier', he told his sergeant. By Wednesday, the *News Chronicle*, *Herald* and *Mirror* were reporting that a medical board agreed with him and that, after six days in the army, Dene was to be returned to his fans.

Since, before being called up, Dene had already been in the news for smashing windows in, to quote the *People*, 'a fit of berserk rage,' for blacking his young wife's eye, for running out of music-hall engagements and for being drunk, and since he had already been diagnosed by a psychiatrist as 'an immature personality', the questions that arise are why this young man was considered by the army likely to aid recruiting? And why they decided to emulate the worst excesses of commercial publicity in trying to win acres of newspaper space for him? An inquiry, not only into the army and Terry Dene, but also into the army and public relations would now seem appropriate.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

SHALL WE HELP MR GAITSKELL?—II

Will Mr Gaitskell Help Us?

(The second of a series of pre-election articles in which young radicals define their attitude and their commitment to the Labour Party.)

'Of course, the important discovery we've made is that the right way to look at human society is by something midway between sociology and the novel.' Succinctly and confidently, the young, educated idealist of the left, the very type of whom Paul Johnson was writing in these pages a fortnight ago, explained to me what he was doing.

I naturally thought of this man, and of others I know like him, when I considered the question Johnson posed on their behalf: Shall we help Mr Gaitskell? Now it would be diverting and not at all difficult to outdo Johnson in criticising Mr Gaitskell and his party policy, but I honestly don't see that it would help anyone but Lord Hailsham. Things would be different if we of the new generation had anything resembling a coherent plan of action, one noticeably better adapted to the biological and technological conditions of the 1960s than Labour's glossy pamphlet. If we have, it is a closely guarded secret.

So I throw back the question. Will Mr Gaitskell help us? Will he help us to deploy such skill and knowledge as we have to some good purpose, so that we can all avoid the variety of possible disasters we can see looming? I don't think we know his answer because we have never asked him clearly and politely. The only radical movement of any significance, the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, has a specific policy, but even there we waited for our elders.

In short, I fear that the young, educated idealist resembles too much the Platonic lover – plenty of ideals and no ideas. In consequence he is both irritable and irritating. He is terribly keen to be 'committed', but to what is difficult to determine; he cries out for leadership like a puppy; and, finding none, he employs his tongue, his typewriter and his paint-brush for pious invective.

There is another point before I desist from my own fratricidal invective. Probably as a result of trying to be committed, still trying to find black and white in a world where everything is a murky grey, we have forgotten what it was we were educated to do. We persist in dreaming of getting that lot out and our lot in, as if we were a shadow Transport House. Events move too fast nowadays for that to be a realistic way of operating. We have to understand that, if we are engaged seriously in anything, it is in a running battle: not a mild competition of the classes which boils up every five years, but in the last decisive struggle between men and the demons – runaway technology, chronic poverty, ecological instability.

In a way that the class-conscious may not understand, we really are, as we say in the Campaign, 'all in this together'. Yes, we should even be asking: Will Mr Macmillan help us? If we had anything important to put across we should be making ourselves heard wherever it might do some good – and not pointlessly antagonising everyone. Whatever idiots are in office, we should be instructing, suggesting, arguing, persuading, showing them the way they should go. But to do that, we have to be a shade less idiotic than they.

So what are we to say to them? Someone asked me the other day whether we should not revive the Society of Socialist Journalists. I replied that what we needed before that was a Society of Socialists. On second thoughts, remembering one or two organisations which might already pretend to that title, I should say rather an international working party which is really *au fait* with the 20th century, which would rough out a new world Socialism in terms of feasible research and investment programmes and of realistic legislation – which would try, urgently, to make Socialism something more than a rattle of coffee cups.

But first catch your scientist. When I assert that the fountainhead of our inspiration, ideas and arguments is to be found in the research and development laboratories of the world, some of my comrades look at me sideways and say, 'Oh, but *we* are concerned with *people*!' I suspect that they are concerned with political stereotypes who have no bodies to be affected by toil and sickness, no bellies that depend on the process of photosynthesis, no minds that may be reaching for the outer planets. I often wonder if they have ever stopped to wonder how these people they care about are going to be touched by controlled fusion, by thinking machines, by virus antibiotics, by water-famine in England.

I am made angrier by the fall in world food production and the existence of the Porton Down establishment (did anyone really not know about botulin?) than by the discovery that the British middle classes may be getting an unfair share of the welfare services. More exciting than the municipalisation of rented property is the prospect of what we can do for people when we begin exploiting the oceans. And it seems to me that if you are really interested in Africa you must pay as much attention to *Anopheles gambiæ* and *kwashiorkor* as to apartheid and Colonel Nasser.

I am unrepentant about this. It will require feats of intelligence to get our applications of science right, aiming for a prosperous world on good terms with nature, where efficiency is no longer master. If we manage it, then and only then shall we be able to build a viable and just society. If through ignorance or inactivity, or an obsession with parochial affairs, we let science and technology continue to go wrong, no amount of knocking up for Mr Gaitskell at election time is going to save Jimmy Porter, the Welsh miners and the rest of us from the final catastrophe.

But with regard to the forthcoming election I really cannot take Johnson's dilemma very seriously. We have shouted, but not in unison, and the walls of Jericho still stand. Are we therefore to decide that the inhabitants are quite stupid and to think we might almost as well just spit and turn away? I certainly do not think that the cadre of young, educated idealists is essential to Mr Gaitskell's election machine. But, like everyone else, we have our choice in the election, and if we wish the choice were different, that is our own look-out. The Labour Party is suffering from acute anæmia. Perhaps we are going to stand around and jeer at it until it dies? To be sure, that course is open to us, provided we know exactly how we are going to replace it; but for heaven's sake don't let us do it out of sheer frivolity.

There is an immediate issue as far as I am concerned. Whose finger is on the button? I doubt if we shall survive another five years with Lloyd at the Foreign Office. With Bevan there, susceptible to pressure from the ranks of the party, our chances will be much better. Frank Allaun al-

'. . . What's good for Sovietsky Motors is good for Russia. . . .'

ready claims that 70 Labour MPs are on the side of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, and if the constituencies have been doing their stuff in selecting candidates this number should increase. Like many who turn out at elections, I do not have much to do with the party between times; if my own candidate were not, as he fortunately is, strong enough on nuclear disarmament I should feel free to go off and work for another Labour candidate who was. On the other hand, I cannot see that it would help the Campaign if supporters who have some influence in their local parties were to lose it by refusing to help chosen candidates who do not go far enough on the Bomb.

NIGEL CALDER

Algerian Tragedy

I HAVE just spent eight days in Algeria as the guest of the French government and the French army. Despite the one-sidedness of my contacts, I returned with one clear-cut impression. Outside the big cities and the coastal plain, an all-out war is being waged, far larger and far more destructive than I had imagined possible. On the one side is a French army, navy and air force of nearly half a million men; on the other the FLN, which always keeps 8,000 men training in Tunisia, but rarely commits more than 15,000 regulars at one time on the Algerian battlefields. These figures, however, are deceptive. Whenever the French succeed in liquidating an FLN unit (they claimed to kill 900 'bandits' the week I was there), the gap is immediately filled by nightly visitations to peasant homes, which press-gang the requisite number of recruits. At present there is no sign that either side is doubtful of ultimate victory; and that is why, although General de Gaulle himself wants a cease-fire, the prospects of achieving one are so remote. This is a war which will go on and on so long as the Americans are willing to pay for the French army and so long as the Moslem peasants continue to contribute the finances and the manpower of the guerilla army.

There is another reason why it is difficult to stop this war. In Algiers and Oran – and even in Bone and Constantine – life is as comfortable and secure as if you were in Marseilles. True, the streets are endlessly patrolled by parachutists with tommy-guns and, when you enter a big store, your pockets are searched by a detective. These measures – necessary a year ago – are now kept up only in order to maintain the morale of the French settlers, nine-tenths of whom live in the narrow coastal belt and do extremely well out of the war. There is nothing like the presence of a large army to maintain the prosperity of the French commercial classes and to provide employment for the Spaniards and Italians at the docks. No wonder European public opinion in Algiers regards any negotiations with the FLN as treason!

To make the problem even more complex, those Moslems who live in the cities of the coastal plain have their share in the war boom and are becoming the first beneficiaries of the tardy French recognition that, if Algeria is to be integrated, French *égalité* must be made a reality for the nine-tenths of the population who are Moslem. As one of the new officials installed by de Gaulle put it, 'If this country consisted only of the coastal belt, integration could become a reality tomorrow. But it is the sheerest nonsense as soon as it is applied to the whole of Algeria.'

Directly I got outside Algiers, I saw how right he was. More than half the population of this country – one of the most beautiful and potentially richest of the whole Mediterranean – are fellaheen, eking out a living in the mountains, upcountry plains and the high plateau which gradually merges into the Sahara. And these fellaheen are being ground between the upper millstone of the French army and the nether millstone of the FLN. Whereas the war scarcely touches the French minority, it has driven hundreds of thousands of fellaheen away from their homesteads. Destitute, they huddle outside every city and village in ghastly *'bidons-villes'* and inside the *'centres de regroupement'*, constructed throughout the countryside by the army.

These *'centres de regroupement'* are 'concentration camps', of the kind that Kitchener established during the Boer War. Here are gathered both the fellaheen who have fled from the FLN terrorism and those who have been expelled from their homes by the French army. Whenever rebel bands are found in an area, the army, without consultation with the civil power, has the authority to order total evacuation. An announcement is made that, after a certain date, everyone found in the district will be shot at sight – from the air as well as from the ground. Thus, as a consequence of action and reaction by the army and the FLN, ever widening areas of desolation are being created outside the coastal belt.

Under cross-questioning, a general in command of a *département* admitted that the peasants in his *'centres de regroupement'* might be as far as 16 miles from the fields they used to till. On the other hand, he claimed that, since the Arab habit of living in scattered homesteads made schooling and progress difficult, the creation of artificial villages marked a social advance. After the interview, I checked this with one of his civilian officials, who told me that they had made a careful calculation and, by and large, not more than one-third of the inhabitants of these centres have any prospect of earning a living there. Two-thirds of them must be fed in soup-kitchens and sent somewhere else when the emergency is over. Hardened as I was by visits to the Gaza Strip and the refugee settlements at Jericho, I was still utterly aghast at the scale of the mass displacement now taking place in Algeria. Officially a total of 600,000 displaced persons is already admitted, but I learnt that the real figure is much nearer a million.

Is the French army or the FLN responsible for this disaster? Having heard the futile debate between Israeli and Arabs on a similar topic, I was impatient of this argument from the start. What we have to realise is that the refugee problem created by the Algerian war is already larger than that created by the Arab-Israeli war – and that it gets worse and worse with every month that the war goes on.

As for the role of the army, I am pretty sure that another Indo-China was avoided only when the military took over from the civil authority. The regime it has established is a great deal more efficient and not inhumane compared with that which preceded it. Indeed, I was greatly impressed by the character of a number of generals and colonels who have become prefects, and of the majors and captains who, as SAS or district commissioners, are now devotedly trying to rebuild life in the countryside.

The way these officers talk and behave reminded me of what I had seen when I visited the Kikuyu areas during the height of the Mau Mau troubles. They hate the FLN but they freely admit that the rebellion was justified by the selfishness and blindness of the white settlers, and they feel they have a mission by their personal conduct and by the schools they are building to make the *présence française* acceptable to the Moslems. The fact that this will put an appalling financial burden on France and Algeria delights them. 'It serves them right if they have to pay for the army doing the job which they should have done years ago.' Everywhere I went, the higher officers agreed that, once an area was pacified, civilian rule should be restored. But I never met a single officer who believed it would ever be possible to end the military regime in *his* particular region.

The two rival solutions for Algeria are, of course, integration – the slogan of M. Soustelle and the *colons* – and Independence, the slogan of the FLN. It was only when I got back to Paris and met M. Soustelle that I heard integration taken seriously. Everyone with whom I talked in Algeria – military as well as civilian – dismissed it as a meaningless catchword. The official policy is to give up the search for a political solution and to concentrate on a long-term plan for pacifying the country and simultaneously removing Moslem grievances by social and economic development. If there was ever a chance of independence being conceded, that chance was killed when the existence of oilfields in the Sahara, sufficient to supply all French requirements, was finally confirmed last year. Frequently I pointed out that, under the present war conditions, economic development is a mere mirage – and there is no prospect of the war's ending. To this, even the most progressive Frenchman would reply: 'But it must be ended – without recognising the FLN in Cairo.'

But if the French policies are unrealistic, so is the FLN demand for independence – combined with French assistance and French finance. Tunisian independence has already meant that half the French have left the country. When I was in Bone, the licences of European taxi-drivers in Tunisia had just been cancelled and the French and Italian taximen were coming across the border. A year ago, before the army took over, there was a real chance that France could be expelled from Algeria. Now I believe that the chance has gone. If the worst comes to the worst, pacification fails and American money runs out, the million settlers might surrender the hinterland, but they would hold the coastal belt. 'If all else fails, there will be a partition,' M. Soustelle said to me twice in the course of an hour, and he should know. For the FLN, partition would mean a repetition of the Arab disaster in Palestine; for the French, a frontier of hatred as terrible as that which encircles Israel.

The Algerian conflict is one of those terrible wars, fought for clear-cut principles, which make no practical sense. And the tragedy is that war has taught the French their lesson. They are now ready to do, or are actually doing, most of the things which would have prevented the FLN rebellion if they had been done even five years ago. Universal suffrage, primary education for all, slum clearance and rural rehousing – in all these fields I myself saw that real progress is now beginning. But even the foreigner, touring with a retinue of French officials, can see for himself that the Moslem population is at best *attentiste*, at worst hostile. Recently a very high French official, going out to see for himself, had a chance meeting with a Moslem schoolmistress. 'What do you really think about us?' he said to her sadly.

'We still have hope from the General,' she replied. 'We still feel the FLN are our brothers.'

'But what do you *think*?' he repeated.

And he received his answer: 'We have decided not to think any more.'

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

London Diary

CRITICS who say that Eisenhower is even worse informed by his military advisers than our Foreign Office by Intelligence got a further shock last week, when Wilber M. Brucker, Secretary of the Army, presented a 'limited war chart' to Congress. The chart, which analysed all the 'limited wars' since 1945, was supposed to illustrate his thesis that 'the Soviet-Sino Communist bloc' would 'continue to use limited wars to achieve their goals'. Apart from the fact that the 'Soviet-Sino Communist bloc' participated in only seven of the 18 'wars' cited, the chart contains some very curious information. The British, for instance, will be interested to know that the Malayan guerrilla war 'ended' in 1954; and the French to discover that the Algerian war 'started' in 1956. The 'Greek war', apparently, took place between 1946-9, while the fighting in Kashmir ended in 1949. Some of the figures cited, too, seem disconcerting. Did the Israelis outnumber the Egyptians during the Sinai campaign by two to one? And why is the total of Anglo-US forces employed in the Jordan-Lebanon landings described as 'unknown'? (It was published at the time, down to the US Army Corps Cemetery Detachment.) The present Lebanese government, moreover, will not be best pleased to be described as 'rebels'; nor will President Frondizi, who is at the moment the guest of President Eisenhower, let alone Pakistan, like to find themselves included in the 'Soviet-Sino Communist bloc'. An agonising reappraisal of the Pentagon intelligence services seems to be overdue.

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'Conservative politics in Bournemouth are becoming something of national joke, with almost everyone except Mr Terry Dene getting into the act. But behind all the antics lies one hard and significant fact, that, according to the *News Chronicle* Gallup Poll, more than half the existing members of the Bournemouth Conservative Association are opposed to Mr Nicolson and would presumably prefer to have some small-brained dinosaur, on the model of Major Friend, as their representative in Parliament. Bournemouth conservatives are not alone in their tastes. There has been little recent publicity about Central Norfolk; but there the officials and executive of the local association are not only maintaining their refusal to readopt the sitting member, Sir Frank Medlicott, because he is too liberal-minded, but are even refusing to speak to him if they happen to meet him in the street. Some 50 other Conservative members who, at the time of Suez, wanted to abstain or to vote against the Government only escaped similar treatment in their constituencies because, when the moment came, they chose the better part of valour. Bournemouth and Central Norfolk, in fact, reflect, more truly than the calculated moderation of Mr Butler, what the more active Tory workers in the country feel; and the probability is that if the party were to win three successive general elections its members would think themselves secure enough to drop pretences and force the new government to follow their instincts.

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I happened last week-end to meet a group of Labour workers in a great northern industrial city. They had been strongly Labour; they represented working-class as well as university opinion. They are the people who enthuse voters and win elections. They complained bitterly about Labour leadership; they were peculiarly angry with the confusion in the Labour policy about education. Friends of mine from other industrial cities have described exactly the same experience. These mainly young Labour workers seldom get a chance of speaking to the party leaders as they spoke to me; the leaders, they say, come down for a meeting and make a speech, give stock answers to questions and catch a train home. I should advise leaders not to worry much about meetings but to spend themselves in intimate discussions. Public meetings are no longer so important. Votes are won by TV at one extreme and personal contact with the sergeants and junior officers of the movement at the other.

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When Wilfred Fienburgh's novel *No Love for Johnnie* is published next week I can just see curious politicians trying to identify the pseudonymous members of his imagined 1960 Labour government. But they won't get from the book any of the fun that the Fabians once enjoyed when *The New Machiavelli* appeared. Personalities are not the book's cutting edge. Wilfred Fienburgh's hero, an able working-class boy from Yorkshire, has risen – as Fienburgh did himself – from the dole, through the army, to the fringe of office. Then he is not chosen and failure forces him to look more or less honestly at himself, to ask what he wants of life, and to weigh the balance between careerism and personal integrity. I have known few MPs who could have stated this dilemma so sharply – and yet have stayed in parliament. Shortly before Wilfred died so tragically last year he was asked whether he thought his novel would damage his political career. He said he thought he could live it down. He would, anyway, have passed it off with his usual charm. But it may make some of his former colleagues look back in embarrassment.

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I have a letter from a man who went to the Portman Clinic at No. 8 Bourdon Street for treatment after a five-years' sentence for a homosexual offence. The treatment in his case has been so 'amazingly helpful' (his phrase) that he cannot understand why the work of the clinic is so little known. He found that the doctor who treated him there was 'quite happy that the clinic was known to magistrates and probation officers', but he points out that by the time these officials come into the picture the damage has been done. He says that 'anyone may propose himself to the clinic for treatment – he doesn't need to see his doctor first – and there is absolute secrecy'. I have confirmed that this is so, but the clinic, of course, is under the National Health Service, and its doctors have never wanted its work to impoverish general practice – they prefer that their cases shall come through medical channels. But anyone presenting himself at the clinic would be at least given advice. What I can see is important is that the clinic, as an offshoot of the Institute for the Study and Treatment of Delinquency, expects to concern itself mainly with delinquency – it wouldn't expect to deal, for example, with cases of claustrophobia or fear of heights. It would seem little short of tragic that the skill and experience of the doctors at the Portman Clinic should be accessible only after their patients had got into trouble and, perhaps, ruined their lives. And from what I hear, even the prison doctors send to it only a fraction of the convicted people it could probably help.

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I suppose it was some half-conscious memory that made me suggest (with my tongue in my cheek) that we should substitute moving belts for the trains in the Tube. It is many years since I read *The Sleeper Awakes*, by H. G. Wells, but a correspondent rightly points out that the idea must have come from there. Wells describes a plan to link Grand Central Station and Times Square in New York by a similar system. Passengers step on to a wide belt which moves at 1½ m.p.h., and from this into small vehicles which move at the same speed. The cars then accelerate to 15 m.p.h.; they slow down at the other end, and the passenger then alights on to another slow-moving belt. The cars will run at a frequency of 19 to the minute, which will give a much better service than the present inadequate shuttle service. If the cost of conversion to belts in our Tubes is too great, would it not be possible to have a continuous and automatically operated series of smaller cars? Even if they did not travel as fast as the existing trains, the waiting and loading time could be cut so much that the average speed would be no longer than now!

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Someone (I wonder who?) has sent me an *Old Moore's Almanac*. Rudimentary life may be found on the moon, it says, 'but later on, when contact is made with the nearer planets, they will be found to be inhabited by highly progressed beings who are fully conversant with conditions on our earth'. How have they found out? 'Not so much from actual visits as from extraordinary gifts to project their "mental selves" instantly to any required distance, and to observe the happenings there, returning with these impressions to their physical bodies. It is my belief,' says Old Moore (who looks a little like John Burns in his portrait), 'that we already have these visitors.' He is strikingly confirmed by *Quatermass* on the telly, which has now established that these chaps were coming here as early as 4,998,041 B.C. in the form of tripod insects about the size of kangaroos. In case you want to go on worrying about ordinary, Sundayish things, here, in *Old Moore*, they all are – blushing, superfluous hair, tablets for men, tablets for women, worms, asthma, backache, zodiac signet rings, You and The Stars, and Oh, My Poor Legs. And yet even these simpler pages have advanced: the Inferiority Complex is here, and somebody's Amazing Pay As You Win Terms for scooping the Treble Chance Pools. But the formula for extracting your horoscope from Mr Moore is unchanged: 'All you have to do to obtain this unique delineation is to send me a fully stamped envelope addressed to yourself'. Oh, and, as an afterthought, enclose ten shillings.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Like the owner of the swearing parrot who covered her bird on Sundays, British Railways cover the 'Gentlemen' sign at Lynn station when Royal passengers arrive. The sign is at the top of platform 2, the platform which is used by such passengers. Apparently the authorities cover the sign to prevent it figuring in photographs taken of members of the Royal family arriving or departing.—*Lynn News and Advertiser*. (Sylvia Adams.)

Two films were shown. They were *Mam'selle Striptease*, starring Brigitte Bardot, and *Man of the Moment*, showing Mr Harold Macmillan's tours during last year.—*Hertfordshire Mercury*. (A. L. Dennis.)

So the air girls are ordered to shorten their skirts by three inches. Any of them who are not trade unionists may not know that this constitutes an alteration in their conditions of service. Due notice must be given of any such alteration.—Letter in *Bristol Evening Post*. (H. Leeds.)

Bournemouth Blues

In Bournemouth chines and valleys
There's not one shade of blue
But fully half a dozen,
And blue the faces too,
For Bournemouth has a problem
That's hard to settle – *viz*,
Not 'Should we back the Tory horse?'
But 'Tell us which it is'.

It's not the once-prospective
Candidate named Friend,
And there'll be no directive,
We hear, to recommend
Another Shawcross either,
Because – it's pretty plain –
To stand as Tory knight-at-arms
You need a Tory chain.

There'll be no son of Winston –
At least, his lips are sealed
Until the referendum
His Lordship has revealed;
Through scarlet letter-boxes
The Tory slips will go
To say if Nigel is OK
Or ripe for the KO.

JASPER HODGE

A Strong Smell from Antibes

'LET us not introduce party passions into matters of national importance'—this has been the refrain of all the Gaullists, from the General himself down to, and including, M. Debré. In view of what has been going on among Top Gaullist People recently, this is asking rather a lot. It is difficult for the opposition to keep quiet while the country is being rocked with a scandal which makes even the Third Republic, with its Stavisky, let alone the Fourth, with its *piastres*, look pure as driven snow. This Monday, even *Le Figaro* felt itself bound to intone: 'How was the secret of devaluation leaked – and by whom? How was it that certain circles were privy as early as 16 December to a decision which was not made public until the 27th? Why were the counsellors of General de Gaulle, M. Goetz and M. Pompidou, refused the public inquiry they asked for? Has not the General himself let it be known that 'recuperative measures' would be taken – and why has nothing been done as a result?' Why, indeed, has nothing been done, when all Paris is talking of corruption and when it is known that several high personalities of the new regime have been discreetly persuaded to resign to avoid an inquiry? But *Le Figaro* went even further, and demanded that the truth be told about *l'affaire de l'héritage Walter*, which, it said, was 'something more than a simple news-item'.

Some of the facts about this business are already known. On the death of M. Jean Walter, chairman of the Moroccan Zellidja Mines Co., in a car accident, his brother-in-law, M. Lacaze, became director of the company, valued at £45 million. It is alleged he feared, however, that he would lose control when Madame Walter's adopted son, a young parachute lieutenant, inherited Walter's shares. He therefore tried, the story continues, to get rid of the young man, first by hiring a gunman, then by trying to compromise him with a call-girl. Stated thus bluntly, a nasty little affair; but at first sight nothing more.

There is, however, in Antibes a restaurant, La Maison des Pêcheurs, over which flies proudly a *tricolore* embossed with the cross of Lorraine. It was here, during the *coup* last May, that the HQ of the southern Gaullists was set up, ready to swing into action when the Algiers colonels gave the word. Even Marshal Juin did not hesitate to have himself photographed with the restaurant's proprietor, Commandant Rayon, Deputy-Mayor of Antibes and one of the first Gaullists. But it was precisely Commandant Rayon who – on his own admission under oath – was charged with the 'suppression' of the young heir to the Walter fortune. He claims he agreed to do it, in return for 20 million francs, in the office of another Gaullist leader, General de Bénouville, now a UNR deputy—the negotiation being conducted by the General's assistant, M. Magescas. (M. Magescas claims the interview was a routine business transaction.) Rayon accepted, mobilised a team of Gaullist 'experts', pocketed the money, and even made several trips to Algeria; but at the last moment he changed his mind and, instead of killing the young man, made a statement to a magistrate. Was this abrupt change of sides due to a nagging conscience, or to the efforts of another financial group, with a somewhat different view of the national interest – and Commandant Rayon's own? The courts, no doubt, will find the answer to this question. They will also have to unravel the mystery which surrounds the call-girl, Maité Godenèche who, in return for 15 million francs, was to have disgraced the young lieutenant, and the part played by other prominent personalities, such as Dr Lacour, who is an old friend of Madame Walter as well as an ardent UNR militant.

Imagine, for an instant, that M. Mendès-France's entourage included men, of a status equivalent to General de Bénouville and M. Magescas, who were accused of instructing a Deputy-Mayor, also Mendèsiste, to murder a young man so that the future of a prominent Mendèsiste corporation should remain in 'safe' hands. And suppose that this was supposed to have taken place while M. Mendès-France were in power. What, one wonders, would be the reaction of Messrs Debré and Soustelle, or, for that matter, General de Gaulle himself? Would they regard it as in the 'national interest' to treat the affair simply as a *fait divers*?

Paris K. S. KAROL

Dinner with Dr Stopes

SHE had been invited to lecture before the local literary society – on the sonnet, not sex – and she arrived on the doorstep a little after four with a huge bag of books, from which it was her intention to quote at length. She was more embroiled than dressed in quantities of luxurious russet fur, out of which her head rose, arctic and imperious. Her hair was plentiful and was dyed a rich conker red. In spite of her furs and her jewelled chains, her throat remained emphatically naked. That she was a romantic was obvious, that she possessed temerity was history, but that her voice should be so far removed from a sounding brass as to recall a tinkling teacup was disconcerting.

'Just a raw egg in an ordinary glass,' she said, rejecting the bountiful tea prepared in her honour. 'Take it to my bedroom, if you please, and call me 20 minutes before the lecture. . . .'

Sheathed in her celebrity, cut off from us by the enormity of her conclusions, she withdrew.

No one can go the way I go
No one can know the things I know. . . .

she had written in one of her poems. There was no doubt that the presence of Dr Marie Stopes, only a wall away as she rested on my bed, inhibited what pleasure there is usually to be found in eating cinnamon toast.

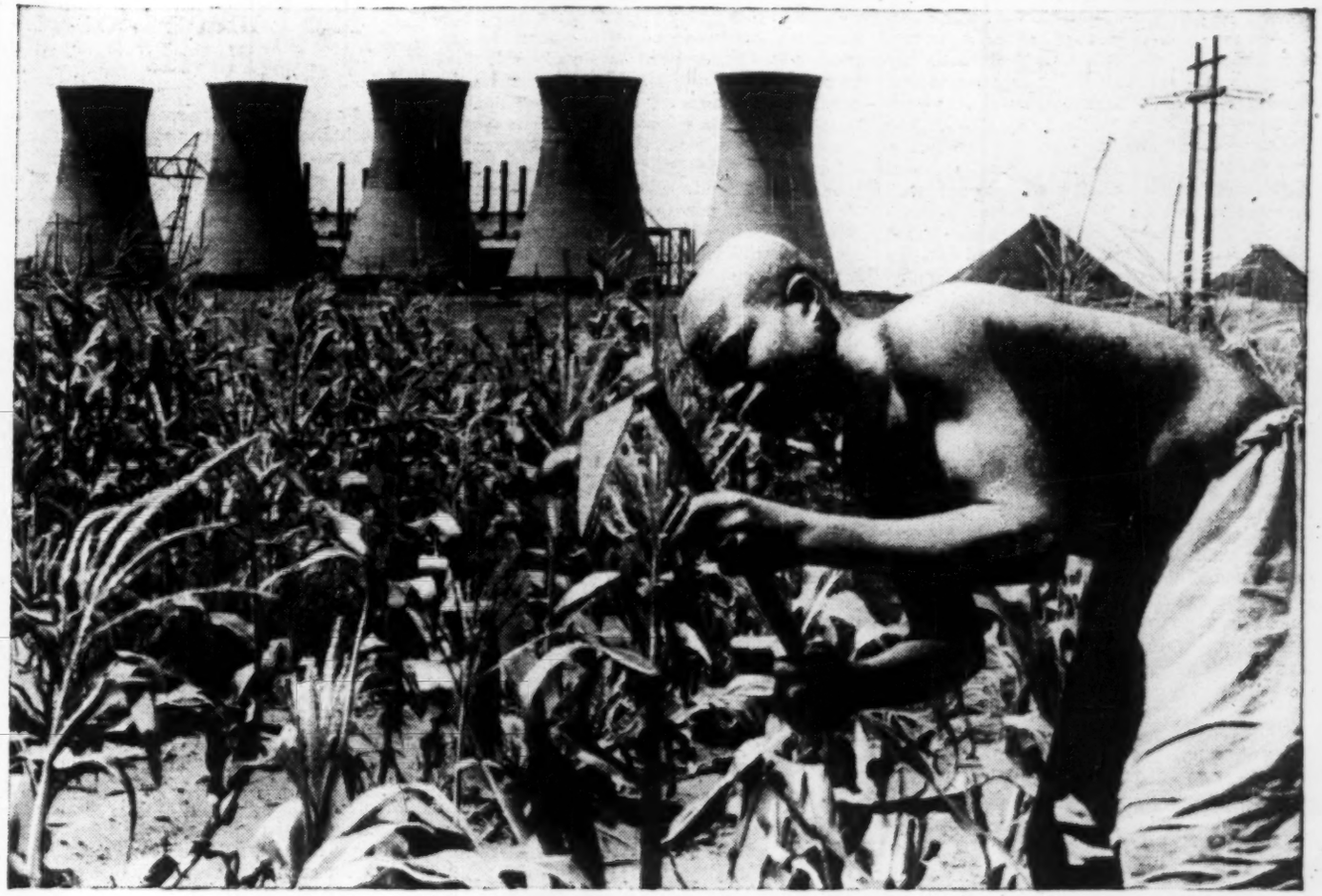
I left for the lecture-room before the main party to make sure that the carafe wasn't scummy and that everything was in order. Although there was still nearly half an hour to go, the room was packed. Such an interest in the sonnet was very encouraging. I then waited at the top of an imposing corporation staircase to receive Dr Stopes. A susurration in the vestibule heralded her approach. She had changed into a trailing frock of some sort of crêpe material which had an animation all of its own, so that its hem crawled busily over her evening shoes even when she was standing still. A bearer followed her, laden with books all a-flutter with papermarkers. The society clapped amiably when she mounted the dais and then, as if they realised that politeness, like patriotism, was not enough, they clapped again. She slipped the furs from her shoulders and was seen very slight and very *décolletée*. Her appearance, scrupulously conveyed by the hideous strip of quivering neon just above her flaring hair, irresistibly suggested Elizabeth I.

The voice, however, suggested Cranford. It was evident that the rear half of the audience could hear nothing at all and were having to make do with just watching a large magnifying glass hover from sonnet to sonnet. One or two members held out an ear on the palm of a hand and looked pained and bewildered. I wrote, 'Please could you speak a little louder' on the back of an envelope and handed it to Dr Stopes. She read it, tore it in half and went on just the same as before. I then wondered how the story about Sir Osbert Sitwell would affect her if I scribbled it on another envelope: Sir Osbert, lecturing in the US, had asked, 'Can you hear me at the back there?' When they said 'Naw', he had replied, frigidly: 'Then pay a little more attention'.

Every book Dr Stopes needed had found its way mysteriously to the bottom of the pile, and when she jerked it forth in triumph, its markers fell out. Sometimes the magnifying glass got lost and had to be discovered. Between Dryden and Pope she drank copiously from the carafe. 'The octave of the sonnet,' she tinkled, 'in the strict form is unalterably abba/abba, though Spenser had gone so far as abab/bcbc.' She had not gone so far herself, she said. But before she read her own sonnets she was bound to mention her dear late friend and the greatest sonneteer since William Shakespeare – Lord Alfred Douglas.

She read two of Lord Alfred's sonnets and they sounded very beautiful. She said that, of course, they didn't mean what they appeared to mean; sonnets rarely did. She said that she could not believe that there was anyone present tonight who still believed the aspersions heaped upon this noble poet by his detractors. And then she concluded the lecture by reading from her own work. The society streamed out into the cold night, baffled and abashed.

This was not the end. A small dinner party had been arranged in Marie Stopes's honour by a generous, witty soul, now also, alas, departed to the racier slopes of Parnassus. We sat down seven at a pretty lace- and glass-covered table in a little



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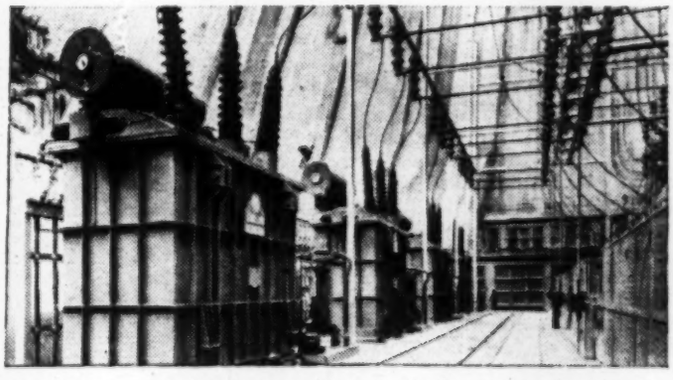

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room with a shiny green ceiling. Dr Stopes sat between me and a distinguished local gynæcologist. We were all bursting to talk to her, *in camera*, as it were. But she, crouching forward on her fragile sabre-legged chair, looked daggers and kept us hesitant. When the wine came round she placed her hand over her glass, but when water was offered as an alternative, she looked insulted. A poet on the far side of the table gallantly retreated to the subject of the sonnet in an attempt to break the impasse, but Dr Stopes remained unforthcoming. The inference being that if she hadn't exhausted the subject, it had exhausted her. We were very near the dessert before contraceptives entered the conversation; and, when they did she discussed them wearily, like a writer who is dogged throughout an industrious life by the notoriety of a single best-seller. Unfortunately, in our desire to seem at ease, we chatted too emancipatedly and were reminded, rather shrilly, that love made the world go round, not caps.

Coffee was served in the drawing-room. Marie Stopes sank down on one of those Victorian nursing chairs which are so near to being *prie-dieux*, they invest their occupant with a temporary sanctity. A huge honey-coloured cat smouldered near her feet and behind her rose a steep white bookcase crammed tight with the works of Dorothy Richardson and Mary Butts. It was very late, but no one dared go to bed.

We discussed education, and Marie Stopes said that no child ought to be taught a thing until he was ten. Her own son had spent the first ten years of his life being purely physical in the park, then, under the instruction of private tutors he had learnt to read and write in three weeks. But when we protested that only a handful of people in the world were fortunate enough to be able to think in 'tutor' terms, she refused to argue. The evening dragged on in a miasma of mutual failure. She had somehow failed us, and we had quite decidedly failed her. She had been on the defensive for too long and now found it impossible to concede the merest point. She saw the world divided up between midgets and giants – and there were few giants these days. It was pure emotion which made the giants, the throbbing, raptuous, chosen ones, and fear of emotion which ordained the midgets. She was sick to death of us all. She had taught the man in the street to heave overboard the prurience and taboos of centuries so that he could soar up into the ultimate fulfilment of bliss – and what had he done? The oaf had used her gift like an extra gadget in the lavatory.

At last we left, but chatting a few moments in the midnight garden. A fig tree creaked against the wall and a late car ground its way apologetically through the criss-cross of residential roads. Marie Stopes was by the front door, signalling me with a large book as yellow as the moon. She pressed it upon me and shook my hand. It was her poems. By the light of a street-lamp I read its title – *We Burn*.

RONALD BLYTHE

The Arts and Entertainment

Blues on the Danube

THERE are probably only two countries in the world in which classical concert virtuosos are likely to relax from Mozart and Beethoven by playing jazz. One is the USA, the other, more surprisingly, is Austria. This country probably has the unique distinction of a jazz club which devotes the first part of one of its record recitals to the organ music of Pachelbel, reserving only the second part for King Oliver, Count Basie and the rest. Vienna is probably also the only city in which the majority of professional jazz-players (few enough) appear to have conservatoire training. In a word, the Austrian jazz scene has very considerable peculiarities.

That is, social peculiarities. Musically, Viennese jazz is pretty much the usual eclectic derivation from the American. Mr Karger's boys, who animate the *Adebar* in the Annagasse, play Dixieland or Chicago-style jazz (edging into 'swing') for the patrons, but when pressed, will admit that their personal preference is for Miles Davis and the cool stuff. This is a phenomenon by no means confined to the city of Beethoven and Hugo Wolf. The sounds they make are familiar and full of zest, though the critic's faculties are lulled by the discovery that his 10-schilling ticket buys not only an evening's entertainment in the company of the local literary, artistic and existentialist fringe and of numerous sloppy-sweatered, tight-trousered, long-haired, very young and rather pretty girls, but also a glass of quite reasonable Austrian wine. Mr Fatty George, an extremely able clarinetist, tends towards the later 1930s in his Saloon, a fairly classy subterranean barn in the shadow of the baroque Peterskirche. This group (with or without the frequent and informal aid of Vienna's leading classical pianist, Friedrich Gulda, on flute) makes a spirited, swinging, most musicianly sound, but its members are equally at home in other styles.

Socially, however, Vienna jazz is more distinctive. For one thing, its public is much smaller than ours or the Parisian; its clubs lack that characteristic thick fringe of non-dancing watchers and tappers which always indicates a vogue for jazz. (In return, Fatty's Saloon contained some ripe specimens of old-fashioned central-European nightclubbery.) What there is of the jazz public belongs to the usual continental type: middle-class adolescents, students, writers, artists, journalists and the like – and, of course, musicians. They are few and select. They are pathetically anxious to assure and to be assured that Viennese jazz is as good as that of older and prouder European jazz communities. The truth is, it is not very different. Only when those ribald and quintessential Viennese figures, the cabaret satirists, absorb it into their little songs, does it produce a specific, if marginal, Austrian contribution to jazz. Mr Helmut Qualtinger's *Bundesbahn Blues* and *Krushchev Rock-and-Roll* would not exist but for a sort of fusion between Vienna and jazz. They may not be jazz, but still, they are very funny.

The critic returns to England to report on a religious rather than a musical phenomenon, the visit of George Lewis. Mr Lewis and his band of elderly players are authentic figures from New Orleans, and doubtless sincere. They were never in the first flight of New Orleans musicians, and it is only fair to assume that they are past their prime. And yet – there are crowds of fans to greet them on the station, the halls are full, and a jazz columnist declares that this visit is 'the greatest moment of my musical life'. Clearly New Orleans jazz has entered the realm of pure myth.

FRANCIS NEWTON

The London Mozart Players

THE London Mozart Players have become such an established part of our musical life that one takes them perhaps too much for granted. For ten years now they have given concerts of outstanding quality, and have shown that there are at least two thousand music-lovers in London who will listen to programmes which offer only the most civilised satisfaction, without any of those 'transports of vigour and passion of the more muscular kind' which resound in the Festival Hall almost every other night of the week. To sit amongst such an audience listening to Haydn and Mozart is quite a special experience; but it would be very different if the players themselves remained insensible to the music they were performing, and were merely driven by the conductor to execute each work with reasonable vitality. How often this is the case! But the London Mozart Players are a happy exception. Most of them devote their careers largely to chamber music, and so their attitude has little in common with that of the ordinary orchestral player. You have only to watch them to realise that they are used to throwing themselves heart and soul into every work, and to making decisions instead of having them made for them. And in Harry Blech they have a conductor who understands this perfectly. He keeps an eye on them, holds them together, indicates the extent of a crescendo here, the depth of an accent there. But on the whole he directs the performances in such a way that the players are stimulated to take part as they would in pure chamber music, with the enthusiasm and responsibility that this involves.

I have never heard them in better form than last week at the Festival Hall. The programme included two entr'actes from *King Thamos*, well worth playing; Haydn's Symphony in D, No. 96; and two Mozart piano concertos: an early one in B flat, K.238, and the majestic C major, K.503. I enjoyed the Haydn most of all. The phrasing was lively without ever being overdone; the woodwind passages came out clearly, because they had to contend only with twenty-four strings and not with sixty; and the tempi seemed exactly right. It was a pleasure to hear the slow movement taken *andante*, as it is marked; flowing quite fast, in fact, but without any loss of eloquence. On the debit side, I thought that some of the most stirring harmonic events just missed making their full impact, especially in the development of the first movement; and that the second violins were occasionally too weak. I like having the seconds on the right of the conductor, but the other evening they seemed slightly remote, as though they stood outside the magnetic field that drew everyone else into a vital relationship with the music. The same thing happened in Mozart's C major concerto, where some of the most important accompaniments hardly came through at all. The principal theme of the finale lost character because of this, and so did the 'Marseillaise' passage in the opening tutti of the first movement.

Denis Matthews was the soloist. He provided quite a grand cadenza of his own, and took the risk of making decorative additions to Mozart's text in all the approved places. It is extremely hard to do this without becoming Chopinesque (like Wanda Landowska in her recording of the 'Coronation' Concerto) or else getting slightly cornered and having to make the best of a bad job. Given the probability that he is not a reincarnation of Mozart, Denis Matthews came through the ordeal very well. But having shown

"Why no strikes in Steel?"

asks Margaret Stewart—and comes up with this astonishing answer

MARGARET STEWART *has been industrial correspondent of the News Chronicle since 1949, and before that was on the staff of The Economist. She is the first and only woman industrial correspondent of a national newspaper. She has also broadcast on current affairs for the BBC.*

Miss Stewart was educated at St. Leonards School, St. Andrews, and Newnham College, Cambridge, where she read Modern Languages and Economics.

Before entering journalism she was a research worker for the Nuffield Social Reconstruction Survey and prepared evidence for the Beveridge report on social insurance.

She has made a special study of industrial relations and trade union problems. So her remarks on Steel carry a good deal of weight, because she knows so much about the way other industries are faring.

IN MANY YEARS of industrial reporting, I have yet to come across an industry where there is such a "will to peace" as in Steel.

In 1957, more working days were lost through industrial disputes in Britain than in any year since 1926 – the year of the General Strike.

The Steel Industry can plead "Not Guilty". Industrial strife has passed it by, and it has not had a major strike, apart from the General Strike in 1926, for more than half a century.

Last year, there were serious stoppages in road and air transport, and in the docks. This year? Many TUC leaders have voiced the fear that there will be more strikes, because of the Government's decision to scrap compulsory arbitration.

ROUND A TABLE

But such fears are irrelevant to an industry where arbitration by outsiders is the last resort and not an integral part of industrial relations.

This does not mean that there are never any disputes in Steel. It means that both sides prefer to settle their differences round a table. They use their own well-tried conciliation machinery to the full.

This machinery is so good that when Steel was nationalised in 1949, nobody wanted to change it. *This is how it works:*

At the top are national agreements for each section of the industry. These fix minimum wages and such matters as hours, holidays and the cost of living sliding scale. Heavy steel usually sets the pattern, but agreements vary to suit each section.

MEN ON THE SPOT

At the bottom are plant-by-plant negotiations – undoubtedly the key to success. The men on the spot who work on the job, and know the local conditions, fix the rates for a particular machine, mill or furnace.

If a dispute cannot be settled locally, it goes to a neutral committee of four – two management and two union men, drawn from firms *not* concerned in the dispute but thoroughly understanding the job.

These neutral committees nearly always reach agreement. If not, the top officials on either side take a hand and see if they can suggest a solution. If they fail, then – and only then – the dispute will go to arbitration. One side never *forces* the other to arbitrate. It is done on jointly agreed terms of reference, and on the understanding the award will be accepted.

SQUARE DEALING

Many other industries have just as good machinery on paper, but it has not prevented strikes and unhappy labour relations.

Steel has a tradition of fair and square dealing. "We talk the same language and we trust each other," was how one big steel executive described his relations with his men.

The unions, on their side, have for the past 90 years followed the maxim of one of their early pioneers: "Reason not force, is the weapon men should use." Union leaders, at every level, exercise an effective discipline over their members, and insist, to the point of expulsion if need be, on the honouring of agreements.

Both sides can be tough. That is not surprising in an industry where the job is tough, the hours are tough, with round-the-clock working, and the product itself is tough. But both sides are conscious of the serious effects any loss of production would have in a highly capitalised industry, where each worker is backed by up to £10,000 worth of equipment.

In my view, the short answer to the question: "Why are there no strikes in Steel?" would be: "Men of Steel are Men of Sense."

This personal report was invited by the British Iron and Steel Federation, which believes that everyone in Britain should know the facts about steel and about the men who make it.

such courage in this respect, it was all the more surprising to find him treating the remainder of the work as though he would be condemned to everlasting perdition if he took the slightest liberty. It almost made one think that his improvisations in the slow movement sprang, not from any joy in impersonating Mozart, but from a desperate attempt to satisfy the scholars. At all events, I am sure he could often have been freer in his timing and bolder in his dramatic treatment. He plays with such competence and such thorough musicianship; if only he would drop his assumption of 'simplicity' I believe he would begin to approach the highest class of Mozart interpreters: the class of Clara Haskil, Clifford Curzon and Rudolf Serkin.

Later in the week, the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic, under John Pritchard, paid one of their welcome visits to London. They played extremely well in Debussy's *Gigues* and *Rondes de Printemps*, and made their way confidently through that morass of 'mud and sugar', Rachmaninoff's Second Symphony. The concert began with an exciting prelude, that is to say, the National Anthem in the splendid version made by Fritz Busch and Donald Tovey, and had as its centrepiece Beethoven's 'Emperor' Concerto with Clive Lythgoe as soloist. Alas, I have never heard this great work sound so ineffective. If I had earned half a crown every time the pianist played *una corda*, I should have been liable to surtax by the end of the third movement. The pity of it is that in many instances he adopted this procedure for musical reasons. His principle was the apparently artistic one of burying himself every time the wind instruments had sustained phrases against his own figures of accompaniment, and he carried it so far as to efface himself completely, even where Beethoven has marked the piano part *sforzato*. As for the many quiet passages where the pianist has to sustain almost the entire interest of the music, he still withdrew the sound to such an illimitable distance that one longed to remind him of Busoni's remark: 'If a melody is worth playing it is worth playing *mezzoforte*'.

I am sorry that this should have been my first introduction to an obviously talented pianist, of whom I have heard excellent reports; but I beseech him, the next time he plays the 'Emperor' Concerto, to avoid the soft pedal like the plague.

WILLIAM GLOCK

BJPS

The British Journal for the Philosophy of Science

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North of the Border

CURSORY glancers at the commercial television programmes may not have been attracted by the rather gushing title of *This Wonderful World*. This series, of which only three editions have been seen, so far, in London, is a product of Scottish Television – one of the few programmes originated in Scotland that have been seen in the south, and that irregularly: the next occasion will be on 9 February at 10.15 p.m.

Viewers who like a magazine programme of exceptional quality and originality should not be put off by the name of this one; nor will they be, if they are old enough to remember the heyday of documentary films – *Drifters*, the GPO Film Unit, etc. – when I say that this programme is created and personally presented by John Grierson. It is unpredictable in content: Dr Grierson is apparently free to put anything he likes into it. Most of his material is on film. Items he has shown include a Mexican bull-fight in which an unsuccessful matador, after being booed by the crowd, made a sensational come-back (and, besides the fight itself, we saw, cut into the film, Goya's vivid sketches of bulls and bull-fighters in postures identical with those caught by the camera); a grim 'Skid Row' report on down-and-out alcoholics in Canada; spectacular dancing (and skiffling by our own City Ramblers) at the Moscow Youth Festival; an experimental American film which is described (I didn't see this myself) as 'a rhythmic montage of bridges'; and a remarkable picture of the birth of a baby to a Peruvian Indian woman, hanging by her hands from the bough of a tree.

It is said that Dr Grierson sees miles of film from all over the world when making his selections. Scottish viewers are lucky to be able to see his programme every Thursday; some 400,000 of them form what he calls his 'congregation', and he addresses them with a certain intimacy and between-the-lines irony that might not be fully appreciated by the Sassenachs – for whom, accordingly, when the programme is networked, he provides a special edition.

A more thoroughly indigenous Scottish programme, aimed at rather less sophisticated viewers (of whom there are many, even in Scotland), is STV's *Jig Time*, directed by James Sutherland. Traditional country dances are performed with great verve by dancers who seem actually to be enjoying what they are doing; and folk-songs are sung by a gifted quartet consisting of Enoch Kent, Josh Macrae, Rena Swankie, and Moyna Flanachan, known collectively as The Reivers. In the course of a recent brief visit to Glasgow, I was glad to attend one of their rehearsals and to collect the words of an authentic modern folk-type song (by Norman Buchan) which they had sung in a topical magazine programme, *Here and Now*. It is ballad – not exactly in honour of, but in human sympathy with a celebrated safe-breaker now serving a ten-year sentence for doing in civilian life what he was ordered to do for the nation during the war:

Far distant, far distant in Peterheid jail
Lies Johnny Ramensky: his escape bid did fail.
Iron bars and reid granite keep him from the sun
And Johnny Ramensky nae freedom has won.

He has been in a prison for the maist o' his days,
An' 'I must hae ma freedom' is a' that he says.
There are nae horizons in a twenty-foot cell
And bitter the music of a hard prison bell.

He has slipped frae the darkness and intae the light,
Tae the green fields around him he has taken his flight
For one breath o' fresh air, just one glimpse o' the sun—
But Johnny Ramensky nae freedom has won. . . .

Disapprove as we still may, on principle, of ITV, I can't help feeling that 'policy' would have prevented the broadcasting of that ballad by the BBC. But I must not be unfair to the BBC's Scottish output. The BBC broadcasts two programmes of native song and dance, *The White Heather Club* and *The Kilt is My Delight*: the latter is more genteel and dressy than *Jig Time*, but excellently produced. Burns, too, has been done proud for his bicentenary. I wish, however, that we in the south could see more of the BBC's Scottish programmes. I gather that the decision to 'opt out' of the network rests with the regional authorities; but we ought to be reminded more often that Scotland is not a region but a nation. A good few Scots are believed to have come south, too: why should they be less well-treated than the Welsh-speaking Welsh in England, who have their own programme (incomprehensible to the English) every Sunday afternoon? In any case, some of the BBC's Scottish programmes are not of Scottish interest only. On 16 January there was an OB visit to Glasgow Art Gallery, to see some of the fabulous treasures of the Burrell collection. This could not be seen by London viewers; instead, they had *The Phil Silvers Show*. This is, indeed, the funniest of the canned American comic series and undoubtedly more popular than a visit to an art gallery. Still . . .

TOM DRIBERG

Having a Bash

IF it did nothing else Jack Clayton's *Room at the Top*, at the Plaza, would be remarkable as a British film that shatters the pattern. It has more than a smack of real sex; it is lively and local in its accents (Yorkshire); it cuts into the social layers; and its fresh look must send us quite a way back to seek our last uneasy stirrings of talent. Those who believe in a rebirth or revolution comparable with post-war renewals in the theatre may find here the forerunner of new masterpieces to come. Others, too often disappointed, may be content to wait. This is an edgy time for all in the cinema, and the do-or-die mood may easily spring us too soon or in the wrong direction.

I don't think that *Room at the Top* mistakes its direction; only, having seen a way, it doesn't push nearly far enough. With the first shot, of a young man with legs up in a railway carriage, gliding into the town that by hook or by crook he will conquer, the tone – the new tone of the individual blitzkrieger – is warningly set. His attack is on respectability (the Establishment); he comes to an insurance job in the Town Hall; his sights are very soon set on the daughter of the richest industrialist. The Outsider will get in, the Angryman will bury the hatchet deep in riches!

This (as it appears in the film) rather slick fashionability is not improved by Laurence Harvey's impersonation, which presents merely a glibly handsome hero letting us down badly. He conveniently falls in love with the best catch (Heather Sears); but then true love throws him in with an older French woman (Simone Signoret – but what is she doing here?), and he slickly throws her over when the big chance comes. This, I may say, he brings about by putting his little rich girl in the family way; so that after a fantastic scene with Daddy in his club (the raised voices don't even impinge on a nearby luncher), a forced but fashionable wedding becomes inevitable. By this time the vaguenesses and contradictions of the film have made us quite incapable of divining either the hero (is he weak, ambitious, malignant, or all three?) or the heroine (innocent or scheming?). Also there has been an elaborate introduction to the insurance job; but once this is over, we aren't given a clue of what the job is or even what sort of desk its occupant sits at. The film, in fact, despite its gratifying impact, is all front and no back: a hollowness, I gather, not extending to the novel it's taken from, for there at least a working-class origin had given background. Indeed, the more one considers the film, the more weaknesses stick out. Caricature, not quite meant, embraces both big-business and the snake wriggling into it. Then, the splendid performance of Simone Signoret in the elder mistress's part so far outshines all others that their dimness bewilders; and, against her character, but in tune with the underlying melodrama of the whole thing, she must, of course, drive off into the night and into that tree which nowadays plays the part of snowdrift. *Room at the Top* may make us think; but we'd better not think too much!

Nevertheless, it has impact; it catches; it shocks; it flirts with those un-English aptitudes which are the most interesting thing about England today; it uninhibits, and it entertains. No need to stress the importance of those last two attributes: lack of them has rendered the British feature film as it is today. *Room at the Top*, we may hope, is as it will be – with more weight, wit, and a wantonness exactly deployed!

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

'The Woman on the Stair', at the Westminster

The Woman on the Stair is a conventional little piece about nice, sensible, rather impoverished gentlefolk caught up in a nasty, insensible killing. A poor old relic of the British Raj ('All those years in India!' 'Yes. When India *was* India!') is killed by an overgrown Teddy boy for the sake of a valuable brooch she has hidden in her flat. As the murderer is escaping he passes a neighbour on the stairs. But – and here's the rub – the neighbour is blind. The rest of the evening is spent showing two things: first, how the blind woman's extraordinary sensitivity of hearing, touch and smell help the police find the killer; second, how the murder affects her in her blindness; how her confidence is almost undermined by the smell of violence on the air and by the noisy, vulgar insistence of the press.

The actors do everything they can for the play. Miss Gwen Watford gives a beautifully sensitive performance as the blind woman – though in the second and third acts she remains so persistently on the edge of hysterical tears that the effect is more exhausting than moving. Mr Raymond Huntley, the detective, is his usual assured self. He is one of those actors who is always playing the same part. But since he always plays it excellently, one can't complain. Miss Nora Nicholson, the victim, is suitably genteel, and Miss Enid Hewit, the local busybody, suitably common. The whole cast, in fact, is competent and well drilled.

It is a pity, then, that the parts aren't better. Only Miss Watford has anything unexpected to do. The rest are mere puppets. The average writer of stage thrillers gets away with the flat, stock characters by piling on a good deal of suspense. Not so this author, Mr James Parish. His villain is a simple lout whose motive is simple gain; the police work is kept to the minimum and there is obviously not a chance that the killer's second shot at the valuables will be successful. Mr Parish, apparently, couldn't make up his mind whether he wanted to write a thriller or to write about the problems of the blind. The result is he does neither properly. The only themes that come over really strongly are that lonely old ladies lead surprisingly perilous lives (the old ladies in the audience duly applauded), and that niceness, like murder, will out.

A. A.

Last week, owing to an error, Luciano Emmer's new film, *The Most Wonderful Moment*, was given the title of *Sunday in August*; the latter is the title of the film referred to as *A Day by the Sea*.

This drypoint etching is entitled Nuclear War: a variation on Raphael's drawing of 'The Massacre of the Innocents'. *The Raphael drawing is in the British Museum. Peter Peri, who is in his fifties, is both a sculptor and a graphic artist. The etching follows the composition of the drawing very accurately, but Herod's soldiers have become skeletons and the clear sky has been filled with radio-active clouds. A soldier with a sword can only kill one child in one place at one moment; the genetic effects of nuclear weapons can become universal. Thus, the soldier can justifiably become a symbol for Death itself, and the idea of making a variation on Raphael's drawing ceases to be an academic exercise, and becomes an emphatic comment on an historical change which demands a revolution in thinking, seeing, naming.* (JOHN BERGER.)

Correspondence

SHALL WE HELP MR GAITSKELL?

SIR,—I have been reading again Mr Paul Johnson's article and have not changed my view that it is a little unfair to Mr Gaitskell that Mr Johnson should attribute to him all the responsibility for our policies. Indeed, we all have a share in formulating policy, which, in the Labour Party—and the Labour movement broadly—is made to suit generally the approach to several problems by members having very different views. As a result, it is open to attack by people who have only a certain approach to a problem, which is all right, provided we don't unduly encourage this sort of 'angry young men' attitude, since it is apt to mislead our opponents into believing that such resentment is assumed to be a challenge to the leadership of the party.

As a matter of fact, the policies outlined in *The Future Labour Offers You* are up-to-date thinking. What is important is that the attitude to these policies must also be brought up to date; and therefore people with the responsibility of speaking for the Labour Party should do so with some discretion. Mr Paul Johnson instances the cases of both Mrs Barbara Castle, and Mr Anthony Greenwood, who were 'rapped' for what they said. But so it should be. We cannot expect a horse with two heads running in opposite directions to reach the winning post, however good the jockey is.

This is not to say that criticism of our policies should not be allowed. There is plenty of room for it inside the Labour Party, and there is every opportunity to speak one's mind at meetings both at local and national level. We have a policy, which in the final event is the best for our country, and which people will support. It has not turned its back to idealism: and it is up to date. Let us get on with the job of winning the election, and when that is done, make sure that the people entrusted with the government of our country will carry out what we aim to achieve.

DOUGLAS BAKER LACE

32 Harold Road, SE19

SIR,—Paul Johnson was right but he provided no answer. Surely there is nothing for it but rebellion. Labour Party members must save the party from Labour Party leaders. Even Mr Bevan, it seems, can see some of the writing on the wall. In his recent TV discussion with Strauss and Gruenther he spent all his time attacking the militaristic policies of Nato—the very things that he, Mr Gaitskell and George Brown were at such pains to defend at Scarborough. A rebellion in the party now might lose us the general election. But what was the product of the Labour victories of 1923, 1929 and 1950? In each case the real reason for failure was lack of policy.

Victory or defeat at a *particular* general election is neither here nor there. What is important is to tell the truth about capitalism and discover the meaning of Socialism, and by so doing build up increasing understanding and conviction in the minds of people in general and in the minds of a growing number of active Socialists in particular. That process guarantees ultimate success. There must be at least a quarter of a million good, potentially active Socialists in Britain. They are our real achievement and hope—not the £750,000 in party funds. These members and supporters are capable of ten times their present effort but only a fighting policy will call it forth.

Scarborough settled nothing. On the eve of conference, in the vast compositing committee on the disarmament resolutions (of which I was a member) the fighting spirit of the party was alive. A week later it was dead—killed by the platform's 'victory' Almost every constituency party and an increasing trade union vote supported major policies flatly rejected at the insistence of the Executive. That situation remains. If it is left, in the pretence that it has been resolved, things will only get worse in the long run—witness the pathetic epitaph of last week's letter from a parliamentary candidate.

Given that rebellion is necessary, what then? Before long every local party will be working on its election address. Is this not the opportunity? Can we not restart the discussion of policy in every locality (it has started anyway) with a view to having each party and candidate put forward the kind of Socialist policy they can really feel about?

PETER CADOGAN

5 Acton Way, Cambridge

SIR,—I think Paul Johnson's estimation of Labour's domestic and foreign policy is pessimistic, but he is emphatically right when he underlines the importance of Labour's colonial policy. It is good, both in the policy pamphlets and in statements issued from time to time by the National Executive. The only weakness has been, occasionally, in interpretations of that policy on the Front Bench.

Paul Johnson rightly says that momentous issues will be decided by the next government in East and Central Africa. If we have a Tory government which sides with the more reactionary settlers, African resistance will be inevitable from Nairobi to Bulawayo, and South Africa's *apartheid* will extend it to Cape Town. The growth of African solidarity is such that we shall have a continent against us.

Labour's policy, on the other hand, would recognise the African claim to immediate parity of representation in the Legislatures of the colonies with mixed races, and the realisation as soon as possible of a democratic society without racial discrimination in the franchise. We opposed the establishment of the Central African Federation against the wishes of the African people. We could not maintain this political structure against their wishes.

The application of Labour's policy could win the goodwill of Africa just as we won the goodwill of India in 1947. What a gain that would be for racial co-operation in the world!

But we must face this fact. It will require not only a courageous Colonial Secretary and a courageous Labour government to apply this policy. It will require that our own Labour Party members are behind it and that public opinion is educated to support it. For this reason it is important that a campaign of education should be conducted on Labour's colonial policy before the general election. The Movement for Colonial Freedom realises that so much is at stake that its Council has decided to concentrate its activities between now and the General Election in popularising the Labour Party's colonial policy. A series of conferences are planned which will reach not only members of the Labour movement but men and women responsive to justice, equality and freedom who are outside the Labour Party. We require their spirit and devotion. We shall be glad to receive the help of your readers in this campaign, particularly of the younger generation for whom Paul Johnson writes.

FENNER BROCKWAY

Movement for Colonial Freedom
374 Gray's Inn Road, WC1

CHINESE COMMUNISM

SIR,—A recent NEW STATESMAN contained Critic's *ex cathedra* statement on the Chinese situation and Mr Crossman's rich imaginative satire on the Chinese intellectuals. I remark only on the latter.

Mr Crossman's article was concerned mainly with politics and economics in education. The results of an approach to these aspects only of academic life by someone *a priori* unsympathetic to the Communist

Feb. 4: "The Underdog"
Feb. 5 & 6: "Council of the Gods"
Feb. 7 & 8: "The Captain of Cologne"

treatment of them could have been predicted beforehand. It simply shows the lack of that common ground which is fortunately present in scientific, cultural and technical contacts. But to one reader at any rate, the most outstanding feature of this article was its attitude to manual work, quite astonishing in a professed Socialist. Scientists, much of whose time is spent in this way, may find it particularly curious.

There is no question that at the present time a great mystique of manual work has grown up in China. I believe that this is a true expression of the mass feeling of the people, canalised by the party leadership, but by no means something imposed from above. It was inevitable and necessary that it should happen some time if the Chinese people were to coalesce into a single, unified, and far as possible classless, society. In China of the olden days there was a great traditional aloofness of the scholars (the civil servants of the mandarinate) from manual work—perhaps nowhere in the world was this more marked. Now the Chinese people are determined to overcome it. There may be exaggerations in particular times and places due to excessive enthusiasm, but the movement is fundamentally sound.

All cultures and civilisations have suffered from this divorce of theory and practice. But the greatest thinkers, experimenters and artists have always seen that only when the manual and the mental (or the intellectual) are combined in one individual's experience can mankind reach its highest stature. The combination not only brings true knowledge of Nature but also deeper sympathy with those members of society whose contribution must still for some time to come be primarily manual. 'All my life', said the great physiologist Ivan Pavlov, speaking to a meeting of miners, 'I have loved, and still love, both intellectual and manual work, and the second perhaps even more than the first. Especially have I felt satisfaction when into the latter I have been able to carry some good problem, thus uniting head and hands'. And Pierre Hamp, in his magnificant novel *Le Rail*, showed how difficult understanding was between the practical and the purely clerical, the manual and the administrative, workers in railway operation. To think of manual work as a humiliating punishment is to misunderstand utterly what the Chinese are doing.

Yet the present valuation of manual work in China, it should be emphasised, is a passing phase. Such work is not regarded as an ultimate end in itself, but a means of bringing the intellectual and the non-manual workers into more fruitful relation with the material world, and giving them in the process better understanding of their fellow-men. On the other hand, the farmers and workers greatly welcome this opportunity for personal contact. Meanwhile, every form of mechanisation is being pushed ahead as fast as possible. At the Ming Tombs reservoir dam last summer (contrary to the suggestion in the recent BBC *Panorama* film presentation) there were bulldozers, graders, and an elaborate earth-fill supply system of railways, both standard gauge and narrow. But the voluntary participation of hundreds of thousands of ordinary citizens of Peking was meant to be a demonstration of their solidarity with the whole working people, as well as an expression of determination to get on with the job of re-creating their vast country. In Szechuan a moving remark was made to me by a Chinese friend who pointed to the children on the pavement watching the hauliers working their great loaded carts up the hills, and said: 'With the truck production rate the way it is now, or better, when those boys grow up they'll never have to do that back-breaking work—it will be altogether a thing of the past!'

JOSEPH NEEDHAM

1 Owlstone Road
Cambridge

THE LATIN AMERICAN AWAKENING

SIR,—Evidence from South and Central American countries does not suggest that the advance of democracy is either as rapid or as easy as progressive opinion would, naturally, wish it to be. The tragic facts of the matter are that in many parts of the Americas south of Mexico, the potential resistance to democracy is still enormous. The Church, far from being timorous of public opinion, in some areas still forms public opinion, and while it may pursue a course of action favourable for democracy, for a while, such a course of action can never be regarded as permanent. Similarly it is unhappily true that the military forces will in all likelihood never abandon their tradition of intervention in politics until they disappear or are substantially weakened. The tendency for dictators to buy off armed forces with better pay and conditions has been persistent.

The tragedy of many of the countries of Latin America is that political control is concentrated in the hands of the upper-class elites, who are relatively indifferent to the overwhelmingly great poverty of the masses. Your leading article rightly comments that the institution of universal suffrage has tended to benefit only the middle class and landowning groups. Short of direct action, which is virtually impossible, there is now no way in which the underprivileged majorities can exert pressure on their ruling classes. What is needed in most of these republics is a popular leader of the stature of Gaitan in Columbia (murdered in 1948), able to provide capable and genuine leadership for the depressed majorities, without being bought off, and without alienating too violently the groups in whose hands power is at present concentrated. Otherwise, the future in some of these countries appears sinister.

S. D. W. COLLIER

Trinity Hall, Cambridge

THE JOHN GORDON BIOGRAPHY

SIR,—I am thrilled that Mr Graham Greene has decided to become my Boswell. To have the promise of immortality from a writer of such distinction is the most wonderful thing that has happened to me in all my humdrum life.

Of course, I realise that such a task involving so much research can be tedious and burdensome. Would it be immodest of me to offer Mr Graham Greene my help?

If he will choose a day convenient to him, I'll be delighted to have him to dinner at which in quietness and comfort we can bare our souls and share our secrets.

JOHN GORDON

Sunday Express

SIR,—Many of us, especially those without friends in the Visa Department of the United States Embassy, welcome the news that Graham Greene is undertaking a biography of Mr John Gordon. However, in view of Mr Greene's public allegiance to pornography, I and my friends are uneasy about submitting material. May we first have an assurance from him that he will not exploit contributions in such a way as to involve litigation or prosecutions by HM Customs and Excise? Several of us have expectations of various honours. It would be sad to have these stripped from us as a result of a public outcry arising from our innocent participation in what one suspects could be the irresponsible treatment of a serious subject.

JOHN OSBORNE

15 Woodfall Street, SW3

EDWIN MUIR

SIR,—To the fine appraisals of the late Edwin Muir that have already been made in your pages by Janet Adam Smith and Bernard Gill, perhaps I might add a note recollecting a visit I paid a few years ago to Newbattle Abbey Residential College for Adult Education when Muir was its Warden.

'A very nice fellow' was how the driver of the college car described him; and the remark was not as trite as it may appear. There was nothing of the conventional great man about him, whether in conversation or on more formal occasions. I remember going to a tutorial he was taking on the novels of E. M. Forster. Sitting at a table, his shirt collar open

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Labour Monthly, 1s. 8d. or 9s. half-yearly (post free) from Dept. GD., 134, Ballards Lane, N.3.

at the neck, Edwin Muir talked for an hour or so without a note, quietly but with complete assurance and now and again throwing out some remark that would come as a sudden challenge to his listeners. (Saying that Forster could describe embarrassment better than almost any other writer, he asked: 'Why are we embarrassed? Is it something in ourselves? . . . We are embarrassed in this country when we say something from the heart, and then go in again like a snail withdrawing its horns.')

Many of Edwin Muir's students had come to the College straight from the factory floor. They thought the world of him. His conversation was by no means confined to literary matters; but when he did make a judgment it was always first-hand and often against the current of present-day fashions.

- J. R. TILL

14 Western Hill
Durham

CHILDRENS' HOSPITALS

SIR,—While from long experience of children and their parents, both in hospitals and at home, I would disagree with much of Mr Robertson's letter (17 January 1959), I wish to comment on one of his phrases only. Mr Robertson writes:

> It is a danger signal when the young patient seems no longer to be affected by his parents' visits, and not a tribute to the quality of the nursing. At that point he has become emotionally detached from the parents he should feel strongly about, and to whose care he will one day return.

This appears in its context to mean that any child who does not greet his visiting parents with hysterical pleasure or say goodbye to them in floods of tears, is in a psychopathological state. This really will not do. We all recognise the young, long-deprived child who has become incapable of expressing emotion of any kind, but this is different.

When visiting of young children was infrequent, visits were often accompanied by emotional storms. Ward sisters and others feared that more frequent visiting would increase the occurrence of these outbursts, and might harm the child. In fact the reverse was the case. When visiting is sufficiently frequent (and the optimum frequency varies widely), a minimum of disturbance accompanies visits, and this we, as pædiatricians and fathers, regard as good rather than bad.

If Mr Robertson really believes that the psychological dangers of admission to hospital are so great, one wonders why he does not go the whole hog and say that the admission of children to hospital should be prohibited altogether, on the grounds that it would be better for the few to die at home of appendicitis than for the many to be psychologically maimed for life?

This correspondence started on the question of whether or not it is desirable to close Queen Mary's Hospital for Children, at Carshalton. The issue here is not whether children's beds should be very near home or very far away, but whether it is worth going between 0 to 8 miles to a specialised children's hospital (which all agree can provide a better environment for sick children, emotionally, technically, and educationally, than any other form of hospital care) rather than go between 0 to 4 miles to the children's ward of a general hospital, which all agree is a second best.

It is my experience that two factors are of more importance in deciding how disturbing is the process of hospital treatment than is generally recognised. The first is the quality of the environment for the special needs of children, to which I have already referred. The second is the quality of parental care. The children of parents who are confident, but not over-confident, and who have aimed always to encourage them towards independence against a background of love and security, are better able to adjust themselves to changing circumstances. Over-possessive, over-indulgent or inconsistent parents are unable or unwilling to guide their children towards an effective independence.

In other words the child of good parents will face better any new environment than the child of bad parents. The great majority of parents in this country are good, provided they can steer clear of the psychiatric abstracts of the popular press.

DAVID LAWSON

Queen Mary's Hospital for Children
Carshalton
Surrey

G. D. H. COLE

SIR,—Collegiate intimacy with G. D. H. Cole revealed a personal trait less well known than his academic scholarship—his genial urbanity. In Common Room I would always try to seat by him any guest who professed to think dons 'formidable'. Such a one always came away delighted and was sometimes surprised at hearing who his neighbour was. The talk always turned out to have been on some special taste or hobby of the guest, such as rose-growing or Irish glass-ware, and to have both edified and flattered him.

E. F. CARRITT

University College
Oxford

PARANOID ARTIST

SIR,—Mr Walker-Smith was right to correct Walter Allen, but it was indeed unfortunate that he had no copy of *Antic Hay* in hand. While the paranoiac artist was not Mercaptan, as Mr Allen suggested, no more was it Coleman (whose occupation is not divulged but whose chief activities are blasphemy and fornication) but Casimir Lypiatt (whose paintings were compared to vermouth posters, and whose unrequited love and frustrated ambition drove him to the brink of suicide).

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The Changing Face of Australia

This survey by Kingsley Martin follows his recent visit to the six Australian States. He is much indebted for advice and material to Mr Peter Russo, the well-known Australian journalist, broadcaster and expert on the Far East.

THE first thing they told me when I arrived in Australia was that if I did not eat before seven p.m. I should just have to do without. Why? Because, except at the few international hotels, the cooks, waiters and all the staff go off duty at seven. There are no 'servants' in Australia and the household 'helps' are as independent as lawyers or taxi drivers. This equality (of a type which often reminded me of Scandinavia) is one of the things I liked best about Australia. Another thing I like is what is often regarded as Australians' laziness. Like Americans, they know they are well off: but, unlike Americans, this seems to them a reason for enjoying themselves rather than for making more money in a rat-race.

It is not quite true that even in a small town you can get nothing to eat after seven. 'New Australians' will cater for you when the old ones have gone home. Individual Greek families run small restaurants and Italian delicatessens have changed the feeding habits of Australia. You are not compelled to have a steak with an egg on the top of it unless you feel inclined.

The total population of Australia is still just under ten millions. It is increasing by about 2½ per cent. per annum. Half of this represents the excess of births over deaths, and the other half is due to immigration. Whereas before the war southern Europeans were thought not much better than Chinese or Indians, now the slogan 'populate or perish' (or as Mr Casey excellently put it 'double or quit') is to be interpreted as an invitation to European peoples to take part in the process of Australian development – with a half-conscious notion that their arrival now is a safeguard against a future incursion of Asians.

At the end of 1958 the accepted figure is that about 1,364,000 immigrants had come to Australia during the past twelve years; out of these about a quarter had returned, leaving a net intake of 1,007,000. About a half of this figure, 630,000, were British. This figure included 23,000 Maltese. The other half was made up of 201,000 Italians, 95,000 Dutch, 73,000 Poles, 56,000 Germans, 52,000 Greeks, 29,000 Yugoslavs, with 25,000 from Hungary, Latvia and Austria and 13,000 Americans. There were also some Czechs, Ukrainians, Lithuanians, Estonians, French, Lebanese, Danes, Swiss and Norwegians.

I had not realised before I arrived how many European accents I should hear. (I was fully prepared, of course, for the Irish, Scottish and Welsh accents which are much more common than what one may call BBC accents.) Nor had I expected to find Italian, German, Dutch, Greek, Polish, French, Hungarian, Slovene and other European language newspapers. From these one may learn a lot. The Dutch papers, for instance, take pride in pointing out that the Dutch have the highest rate of assimilation by marriage with old Australians. Though nearly 90 per cent. of Italian women marry Italian men, Italian papers boast that the Italo-Australian has the best record for citizenship. In Australia, as everywhere they go in the world, Italians are the best builders and masons. German papers encourage German parents to teach their children German, but characteristically advocate this as a means of 'enriching Australian culture' which, according to the three German papers, is at present pretty poor. Naturally, these foreign language papers are sensitive about the slightest discrimination, real or imagined, but they mingle with their protests censure of any New Australians who fail to adjust themselves and overcome such frustration as can only be expected in a foreign country. There are often complaints that the new Australians are not as eager as they should be to get naturalised. By 1958 only just over one-third of non-British immigrants who had become eligible for naturalisation had actually become Australian citizens. The Labour Party has not attracted the New Australian vote. Many Catholic migrants have, however, been organised by the Democratic Labour Party and the Liberal Party has stolen a lead by setting up social clubs and glamourising naturalisation ceremonies.

To these generalisations I add, by way of illustration, three conversations with New Australians. The first was with an English north country couple who had found working in a Western Australian pub intolerably arduous; the main reason was the terrific heat. But they had settled down on a well-run sheep station, the one as cook, the other as handyman in the house and garden, and had no intention of returning to the old country. The second was a central European musician with a good university job who had no complaint of his treatment or of his reception on the radio and in the country. He, I thought, was unlikely to stay long in Australia, simply because he made few friends. He belonged to a cultural life which was not expressed in Australia. The third conversation was with a Ukrainian woman who also found herself quite unable to 'mix' in Australia. She couldn't bear her children to forget their own language; she told me when they came home from school, she pretended that she couldn't understand English. But she readily admitted that they were wonderfully happy, healthy and ready themselves to be real Australians. That, I think, is a general rule. Second and third generation immigrants will become fully and happily a part of Australian life, which in its turn is becoming in many ways culturally modified by European infiltration.

Australia's culture is essentially a non-aristocratic; it lacks, that is to say, much that is in England often called culture because it is based on the public school and Oxford and Cambridge tradition. There is no country where snobbery, social or intellectual, is so quickly detected and detested. It exists, of course. There are private schools, notably in Adelaide and Melbourne, which aspire to the prestige and exclusive influence of our own public schools. There are even comic people who try to become leaders of fashion; one of the sights of Sydney, pointed out to me as a vast joke, is to see the wives of well-to-do business men lunching together at reserved tables in one of Sydney's most expensive restaurants. Wearing new and fashionable clothes, they await the arrival of newspaper photographers and gossip writers who will next day solemnly record that Mrs X was lunching yesterday with Mrs Y and Mrs Z (see photograph in the next column). These are mere eccentricities. Australia is a surprisingly masculine country; far more typical is the bare and ugly pub where the men meet to drink vast quantities of the best beer in the world. The pubs shut at different hours in the six states, and the differences have great social importance. In Melbourne, for instance, closing time is six o'clock, and as we drove into the town soon after closing time, my hostess, who was driving, told me she would have to be particularly careful at that hour. How right she was! As she spoke a car was driven unsteadily across our own front wheel. Its driver stopped and with difficulty staggered along the pavement. 'You see now,' my hostess said, 'what I mean and why there was a referendum in Victoria about the time the pubs shut. All the men crowd into the pubs for the last half-hour and drink as many beers as they have time for. Their wives, however, voted to maintain the six o'clock closing time. As one voter put it, "it's true they come home drunk, but if the pub didn't shut at six they wouldn't come home at all."'

It is easy for a visitor to describe such a man-made and essentially unintellectual society as 'uncultured'. And it is true that for the bulk of the population sport and, above all, gambling, are the most popular recreations. The greatest event of the year is the day of the Melbourne Cup when normal activities are for a time suspended in all states while everyone waits breathless for the result. Cricket and tennis are mixed up with national prestige; swimming and surf riding on Australia's innumerable superb beaches are everybody's sport. One of the most admirable of voluntary organisations is the body of young men who give their spare time not only to rescuing swimmers in difficulty, but also to safeguarding the lives of the rest of the swimmers by building watch towers, erecting safety flags and maintaining a constant look-out to prevent the more reckless from being caught by wandering sharks or treacherous currents.

Australians have a lively culture of their own. They buy many more books a head than any other part of the British Commonwealth – though the censorship, which has just excluded Brendan Behan's *Borstal Boy*, keeps a close eye on imported and local publications which may offend the religious or the prudish. Sunday painting has increased faster than it has in this country and their artists represent every school of modern painting. In exhibitions I visited the painters I liked best were those who derived their inspiration directly, and often with the vision of 'primitives', from personal observation of the Outback. There is a large and distinctive school of Australian novelists. Today we all know about Australian poetry; its various schools and styles can easily be appreciated in Britain since the publication of the Penguin volume of Australian Verse. Original drama and music are novelties but they are growing and now exciting ones. In the universities, all of which I visited, the problem which harasses them harasses educationists in every welfare state. How to maintain a high standard once the idea has taken root that everyone except a moron has the right to university education?

I had not expected to find Australian towns as congested as London nor to learn that the parking problem of Sydney was even greater. The reason is simply and instructive about the Australian way of life. Every Australian expects, as he makes a little money, to be able to buy

an acre or so of land and build on it a one-storied house. Take, for example, the case of Sydney. The built-up area is nearly as large as that of London, though its population is less than a quarter the size. To get to work thousands of people must drive their cars as much as 14 or 15 miles from the outskirts to the centre of the town. A taxi-driver told me that if he has to cross Sydney's magnificent bridge during rush hour he must leave a safety margin of two hours to get out of the city. Obviously, this process of forever building out from the centre has its limits. Efforts are being made without, I gather, at present, much success, to zone outlying areas of the cities and to persuade big store keepers to create shopping centres in the suburbs of the towns. So far, I am told, the wives continue to use the second car and to shop in the town centre. In Sydney the inevitable process of building up has begun; in another generation the skyline of Sydney will resemble New York's on a small scale.

A Land of Opportunity

Writers have noted a strong resemblance between the history of the white races in Australia and in America. Both found largely empty countries, pulverised the small native population, accepted European immigration and grew to prosperity. But these and other resemblances are deceptive. For whereas throughout the 19th century the American pioneer moved west stage by stage, building homesteads and creating a way of life across the plains of the Middle West to the Rockies and beyond, the Australian found, as he moved inland, an increasingly arid soil which could usually only be made profitable if he had the money to stock a vast, almost desert, area with sheep or cattle. Thus Australia has never been a land of opportunity as America was. And that is why its population is a sixteenth of that of the United States. Only in a few unusually fertile areas of Victoria and South Australia have small farmers been able, without the help of irrigation, to make a good living.

Once I asked a mixed group of economists, historians and sociologists at one of Australia's greatest universities whether they would today describe Australia as a land of opportunity, a place in which it was wise to advise a hard-working European without capital to seek his fortune. The answer was surprisingly confused and inconclusive. The best summary answer I can give is without capital there is little or no prospect on the land, an exception being made perhaps for a few skilled and industrious Italians who are prepared to live poorly by growing pineapples or tomatoes on marginal ground. As for the industrially skilled migrant, he has to be accepted by the powerful trade union movement. If the New Australian is prepared to turn his hand to comparatively unskilled occupations, to manual work or lorry driving, for instance, he will not be out of work. On such projects as the Snowy Mountain scheme, two workers in three are immigrants: they can earn good wages and probably save enough to start a small business, or buy a lorry, or make a down-payment on a house. This kind of limited success story is easier in Australia than in England.

Australia, as the saying goes, rides on a sheep's back. A fall in the price of wool means that the demand of the rich grazing community (to be distinguished from mere farmers) will fall, and that there will be much less money to pay Australia's import bill. Both results have repercussions throughout the economy. Now, in 1957 Australia's wool cheque declined by £A145 million, and it is expected to drop by a further £A80 million or more this season. The Australian press, which avoided this problem before the election, is now openly talking about the crisis. (There is even talk that the Australian pound may have to be devalued.) The *Melbourne Age* – almost the only Australian paper that prints such controversial letters – is giving space to angry criticism of the Australian Wool Bureau and the government which is accused of leaving corrective action too late. Admirable propaganda which rubs in the eternal truth that there is 'no substitute for wool' for the benefit of the traveller on the London Tube no longer disguises the fact that the synthetic fibres and blends, which the Merino aristocrat has always treated as poor relations, are now strutting about as his equals.

A hot controversy recently developed between Sir Alexander Fleck, the chairman of Imperial Chemicals who went to Australia to open the new ICI building in Melbourne, and Mr W. Weatherley, chairman of the Australian Woolgrowers Councils who denied Sir Alexander's statement that 'synthetics are here to stay'. The truth seems to be that there is no prospect of the wool market collapsing or ceasing to be basic to Australian economy, but that it will now take its place as only one of Australia's industries. The wool cheque last year was surpassed by factory product exports. Large capital investment from Britain, and more recently from America, has turned Australia into an important industrial nation. Among British Commonwealth countries, Australia now ranks third as a producer of consumer goods, after the United Kingdom and Canada. To take one spectacular case, the Holden car, a General Motors product, now sells more than 50 per cent of cars bought in Australia and is exported to all Pacific countries.

Some Australian exports go to unexpected places. Australia sells spaghetti to Italy; stainless steel to Sheffield; rubber gloves and plastic shoes to America; cricket balls to Britain, New Zealand and Africa, and coal to South America. More interesting is the development of the Australian wine industry. Gone, thank goodness, are the days when we had to think of Australian wine as mainly medicinal. The really excellent wine which for convenience is called claret or burgundy or hock may not in fact taste like its French or German namesakes. But the wines are themselves admirable and, when chosen with discrimination, very much better than most of the Australian wine bought in this country. I have had wines from the Hunter Valley and South Australia which are better than anything I am likely to buy for the same price from France.

The News Monopoly

How far news and views control has gone in Australia is best explained by a brief statement of the facts of ownership. (Almost all the independent TV stations are now owned partly or wholly by the newspaper monopolists.) In Sydney, Rupert Henderson manages the *Morning Herald*, as well as a Sunday, an evening and several other periodicals. This newspaper is unique, in my experience, in that its editor is not even nominally in control of the news columns, but only of the editorial page. There may be a sharp conflict between the bias of the headlines and the editorial opinions, not to speak of the anomaly which allows letters and criticisms to appear in the editorial columns dealing with events which have not been referred to in the news. Its editorial page is now edited by Mr Angus Maude, a former English Conservative MP of the Suez group. His predecessor in this position for five years was Mr John Pringle, now of the London *Observer*, who did not in practice find it easy freely to exercise his own judgment even in expressing editorial opinions. Mr Pringle is a liberal whose editorial opinions often annoyed the management. It will be interesting to see whether Mr Maude's views prove less disturbing to Mr Henderson. For many years the paper, it is said for personal reasons, has been hostile to Mr Menzies. During the election campaign of 1958 Mr Maude performed the public service (alone as far as I saw in the Australian press) of publishing a summary of electoral issues. His editorial policy was to complain of the emptiness of Mr Menzies' lack of programme and then argue that the actual policy of Labour was far worse, so that in effect the *Sydney Morning Herald*, like its rivals, supported the Liberal party.

Competition without Controversy

The chief competitor of the *Morning Herald* is Frank Packer's *Daily Telegraph*. The rivalry between these two papers, which have the market of Sydney to themselves, has reached farcical proportions. There is no political controversy between them, but from a recent legal action (reported in the London *Times*) it appeared that in the effort to win some of the *Morning Herald's* impressive body of 'smalls', the *Telegraph* inserted advertisements copied from the *Morning Herald* into its own columns and was neatly caught out by the *Morning Herald* which invented a few such advertisements which were duly copied in the *Telegraph*.

Newspaper control in Melbourne is even more monopolistic. The *Melbourne Herald* publishes morning and evening papers and a number of weeklies and other periodicals with substantial sales. It also owns one third of the Brisbane press, as well as a 40 per cent control of the Adelaide *Advertiser*. It also has a controlling interest in Australian Newsprint Mills, which is the only newsprint manufacturer in Australia. In all, Sir John Williams is at the head of an empire which includes five metropolitan dailies, four of them without competitors.

Papers not yet absorbed in the monopolies are Adelaide's evening *News*, owned by Rupert Murdoch and edited, miraculously, by an outspoken progressive named Rohan Rivett, and the *Newcastle Morning Herald* and the *Age* of Melbourne. Today the Australian Labour Party has no metropolitan daily, though Labour commands more votes than any other party in Australia.

In each of the five capitals I listened to the same tale of woe. It is quite extraordinarily difficult to maintain in Australia a weekly, let alone a daily progressive newspaper. There is everywhere a demand for it, but it is scattered among towns many hundred miles apart.* Costs of production and distribution are heavy and there has yet appeared no progressive group such as those which for so long maintained this journal in the

* I read with interest a letter which appeared in the *Observer*, a conservative Sydney fortnightly publication (13 December 1958), replying to a critical article of a fortnight before entitled 'New Statesmanship.' The reply read: 'Would you like to know why NEW STATESMAN readers read the NEW STATESMAN? It is so simple: we read it because it reports on, and expresses unconventional opinions on, a wide assortment of matters ignored or excoriated by the *Herald*, the *Telegraph*, the *Sun*, the *Mirror*, the Sunday press *in toto;* the *Observer*, the ABC, the DLP, QLP, ALP, LCP, and Uncle Tom Cobley and all, on the one hand and on the other, in solitary state, the *Tribune*. In short, the NEW STATESMAN, in default of an equivalent local product, reports and thinks in a way unique in Australia. . . .'

unprofitable years of its growth. A few literary papers like *Meanjin* with a small Commonwealth subsidy, and *Quadrant,* edited by the Catholic poet, James McCauley, make some impact, and a new progressive fortnightly, the *Nation*, has made a hopeful start and has begun to be talked about in each capital city. Its rival, the conservative *Observer,* is owned by the Packer interests. I was also impressed by the quality of an outspoken left-wing periodical called *Overland*, whose October issue contained a supplement by Australia's leading physicist, Professor Oliphant, dealing with the progress of science and the danger of nuclear warfare. Those who desire to think in Socialist terms have chiefly to rely on overseas periodicals —a surprising number read the NEW STATESMAN. They have also recently been fortified by a very useful Labour newsletter published in Melbourne and written by Brian Fitzpatrick.

Those who are interested in international affairs maintain their sanity by reading Walter Lippmann's column, which is syndicated in the *Sydney Morning Herald* and the *Age*. They also watch with sympathetic interest the efforts of the Australian Broadcasting Commission which, with its TV stations, struggles to maintain a position similar to that of the BBC here. It is subject to constant pressure, much of it organised, and ABC officials need remarkable stamina to resist political and sectarian attack.

If the course of the ABC often seems erratic, that is because, according to the drill, any speaker with, for instance, special knowledge of China, or with the authority to deal seriously with some other controversial issue, has usually to be contradicted shortly afterwards by somebody with purely orthodox views. The contradiction is liable to come from a speaker who knows nothing much about the subject and who will turn the debate into a general denunciation of Communism as displayed in Hungary, East Germany or the Middle East. In the case of China, as one listener put it, the result is that the audience are given the impression that the debaters are divided between the duped who have been to China and believe some of the evidence of their own eyes, and the unduped who have never been there for fear that they should be duped by doing so.

I've now perhaps said enough to explain why the 1958 election was generally described as the dullest of Australian history. In the six weeks before the election I met only one man—and he a public relations expert—who thought Menzies could be defeated. He was no doubt deluded by the belief, which proved correct, that the Labour Party would get more votes than the Liberal party and that Menzies, in spite of his overwhelming press support, was far from popular. In truth, Menzies is an institution rather than a person. His arrogance infuriates almost everyone. With no hostile voice in the press to examine issues or to analyse his intentions, his electoral technique was to make a few public pronouncements, calling the attention of the great Australian public to its prosperity under his rule and, with a few discreet references to the alleged pro-Soviet views of Dr Evatt, suggesting that to return the Labour Party to power would mean red ruin or worse. Many of his supporters, of course, are far less discreet in smearing their only serious opponent.

Without newspaper or radio backing on a comparable scale, Dr Evatt's attempts to counteract these tactics could not succeed. Unlike Mr Menzies, who is a good, if somewhat pompous, speaker and quick in repartee, Dr Evatt is deplorably bad on the platform and radio, lengthy and verbose and without the gift of memorable phrase or succinct argument. It is a tribute to his personality that people nevertheless listen to him. He set himself the impossible task of a six-week electoral tour throughout the country—an effort which put too much strain on his health. He attempted to counter the popular suggestion that he is too personally ambitious by an offer to resign from power after the election if members of the dissident Democratic Labour Party (DLP) would give their second preferences to Labour rather than to the Liberals. He tried to overcome all problems of the Cold War by strict support of the United Nations on every issue. He remained true to his policy of recognising Peking—the one large issue of foreign affairs on which Labour differs from the other parties. The ALP would recognise China at once; the Liberals will wait until America does. Dr Evatt cannot altogether shrug off the charge of being pro-Soviet, because his gaffe, when he talked of being reassured by a reply he got to a personal letter to Molotov during the Petrov affair, still hangs like a stone round his neck. In spite of these serious handicaps he successfully put forward a long and moderate Labour policy which made considerable appeal to middle-class and especially agricultural voters. In the result the Australian Labour Party won 43 per cent. of the votes but only 45 seats. The Democratic Labour Party with 9.5 per cent. of the votes won no seats, while the government—the Liberal and County parties together—won 77 out of the 122 seats in the House of Representatives, with 47 per cent. of the total vote. To explain this odd result something must be said about the origin of the DLP.

It is only recently that British readers have heard of Mr Santamaria, and of the Catholic Movement and its political front organisations in Australia. At the beginning the object of Mr Santamaria and his followers was to defeat Communist infiltration in the trade unions. In this they were fully backed by the Roman hierarchy

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NEW SOUTH WALES

Consent of the Treasury has been obtained to this issue in compliance with the Order made under Section 1 of the Borrowing (Control and Guarantees) Act 1946; it must be distinctly understood that in giv this consent the Treasury does not take any responsibility for the financial soundness of any schemes or for the correctness of any of the statements made or opinions expressed with regard to the

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OBJECTS The purpose of Shield Unit Fund is to provide an investment suitable for everyone. The Fund is, however, specially designed for the smaller investor and for the investor who has, perhaps, neither the time nor the experience to take adequate care of his own investment affairs.

Since 1948 the real value of the £ has fallen from 20s. to 13s. 9d. so that £1 invested in 1948 must now be represented by £1 9s. 1d. for the original investment to have maintained its real value.

Nevertheless an investment made in 1948 in a wide representative selection of ordinary shares would on balance have kept pace in value with the rise in the cost of living. This would not have been so with an investment in a representative selection of Government Stocks or of other fixed interest securities.

A similar investment in a skilful choice of such ordinary shares might have done even better.

Through Shield Unit Fund the small saver, **however modest his holding,** can obtain not only a **wide spread of investment** but also, and this is perhaps even more important, the benefit of **skilled professional investment management.**

It is the opinion of the Managers of the Fund that investment in well chosen ordinary shares is likely in the future, as in the past, to offer to the ordinary investor the best chance of safeguarding the value of his capital and savings. Accordingly it is this investment policy applied with such flexibility as may seem appropriate, that the Managers intend to pursue. It should, however, be borne in mind that any general decline in Stock Exchange prices, even one of relatively short duration, must be reflected in the value of the Fund and therefore of Units.

THE FUND The Fund is of the Cash Fund type. This means that all moneys received from the issu of new Units are paid direct into the Fund afte deduction only of the sales charge referred to below It will be seen therefore that in the creation of Unit the Managers act as agents for the Fund and a benefits resulting from advantageous investmen dealing accrue solely to the Fund.

TRUSTEESHIP As Trustees to the Fund, Rothschil Executor & Trustee Company are responsible t Unitholders for the safe custody of all securities an cash and for the collection and distribution of income

Under the terms of the Trust Deed the Trustee have the right to refuse to permit the inclusion in th Fund of any security which for any reason the consider unsuitable.

INVESTMENT ADVISORY PANEL The Invest ment Advisory Panel provided for in the Trust Deed will consist initially of five members whose names are shown above. Between them they bring to the Pane extensive experience and knowledge of investment in all its aspects.

Two members of the Panel are appointed by the Trustees as their nominees and they in turn appoin the other three members. All the members of the Panel are independent of the Managers to the Fund whom it is their function to advise, though the Managers remain responsible for investment policy

N. M. Rothschild & Sons have undertaken to make freely available to the Panel the benefit of their wide investment experience.

INVESTMENT POLICY The investment policy of the Fund is, by a wide, carefully balanced spread of investment in the securities of many well-known domestic companies and of selected overseas concerns and in British Government Stocks, to achieve so far as possible a steady appreciation in the capital value of the Fund and at the same time a regular and growing return for the Unitholder by way of income.

The Fund will comprise not less than fifty securities but it is intended to effect a wider spread by the inclusion of substantially more than this number. The initial investments of the Fund may include Gilt-edged and other Trustee securities, the stocks or shares of any of the companies set out in the list on the opposite page and such other investments permitted by the Trust Deed as the Managers may decide.

At the time of the payment of each half-yearly distribution of income Unitholders will receive an up-to-date list of the investments of the Fund showing the percentage of the Fund invested in each.

Initially the geographical spread of investment will be approximately:—

United Kingdom	73.5%
U.S.A.	10.0%
Canada	10.0%
Other Commonwealth countries ...	5.0%
Miscellaneous	1.5%
	100.0%

INCOME DISTRIBUTIONS AND YIELD The whole of the distributable income of the Fund will be paid to Unitholders on 1st April and 1st October in every year. The first distribution will be made on 1st October, 1959. The half-yearly distributions of income are to be audited and certified by Peat, Marwick, Mitchell & Co., Auditors to the Fund.

It is estimated that the initial yield on the Fund, calculated according to the formula of the Board of Trade, will be at the rate of approximately 4 per cent. per annum before deduction of income tax.

APPLYING FOR UNITS To apply for Units you should fill in the application form herewith and send it so as to arrive not later than 3 p.m. on 4th February, 1959. Letters of allotment will be sent to applicants in respect of Units allotted to them and Unit Certificates representing their holdings will be prepared and posted to them as soon thereafter as possible. Any commissions payable to agents will, under the terms of an agreement with the Managers, be paid by the Distributors, Investment Funds Services Ltd.

SELLING UNITS If at any time you want to sell any of your Units you may do so by offering them, either direct or through an agent, to the Distributors, who will buy them on behalf of the Managers. The price that the Managers will pay is to be quoted daily and published in the Press. No deduction will be made by the Distributors but agents may charge their usual commission for their services. The minimum price to be paid is governed by Board of Trade regulations and is calculated on the Stock Exchange prices of the securities held in the Fund. Under normal conditions, however, the Managers expect to be able to quote a price above this minimum.

MANAGEMENT Shield Fund Managers Limited is a new company formed in association with The National Group of Fixed Trusts Limited, especially for the purpose of managing Shield Unit Fund. Its Directors, whose names appear above, have a wide experience of finance and investment and of Unit Trust Management. Three of them have already served in the direction and management of Unit Trusts for over twenty-five years.

The Managers are responsible for meeting all the expenses of administering the Fund including the remuneration and disbursements of the Trustees and such remuneration as may be payable to the members of the Investment Advisory Panel. To provide for these expenses and for their own remuneration the Managers are entitled to a half-yearly service charge of three-sixteenths of one per cent. of the average value of the Fund payable from the income of the Fund. In addition a sales charge of five per cent. is included in the price of the Units.

Under the terms of their agreement with the Managers the Distributors receive out of the sales charge a commission on the sale of Units, from which they are paying the commissions due to Stockbrokers, Banks and other agents in respect of Application Forms bearing their stamps, and are meeting the costs of the advertising and promotion of this issue.

THE TRUST DEED It is intended that the Fund shall continue for a minimum period of twenty years and subject to compliance with the provisions of the Trust Deed the life of the Fund is not limited. Under certain circumstances, explained in the Trust Deed, the Fund can be terminated by the Unitholders, the Trustees or the Managers. The Trust Deed contains provisions for its alteration by Supplemental Deed which in some cases will require the approval of a meeting of Unitholders. A copy of the Trust Deed may be inspected at the offices of the Trustees and of the Managers or may be had from the Managers on payment of 5/-.

Copies of the Prospectus and Application Forms may be obtained from all branches of National Provincial Bank Limited, from N. M. Rothschild & Sons and from the Managers and Distributors.

List of Companies whose Stocks or Shares may be included in the Initial Investment of the Fund

Banks and Insurance
Alliance Assurance
Bank of New South Wales
Barclays Bank
Commercial Bank of Scotland
Eagle Star Insurance
General Accident Assurance
Guardian Assurance
Hongkong & Shanghai Bank
Lloyds Bank
National Provincial Bank
Northern Assurance
Pearl Assurance
Prudential Assurance
Royal Exchange Assurance
Standard Bank of S. Africa
Sun Life Assurance
Westminster Bank

Stores and Food
Brooke Bond
Finlay (James)
Home & Colonial Stores
House of Fraser
International Tea
Mackintosh (John) & Sons
Marks & Spencer
National Canning
Ranks
Reckitt & Colman
Unilever
United Biscuits
United Dairies
United Drapery Stores
Woolworth (F. W.)

Beer and Tobacco
Ansells Brewery
Bristol Brewery Georges
British-American Tobacco
Gallaher
Guinness
Imperial Tobacco
Tetley (Joshua) & Son
Vaux & Associated Breweries
Whitbread

Chemicals & Miscellaneous
Associated Portland Cement
Ault & Wiborg
Booker Brothers McConnell
British Electric Traction
British Match Corporation
British Plaster Board
Cementation
Coats (J. & P.)
Courtaulds
Distillers
Dunlop Rubber
English China Clays
Glaxo Laboratories
Goodlass Wall & Lead
Imperial Chemical Industries
International Paints
Lancashire Cotton
Laporte Industries
Metal Box
Smith & Nephew Ass'd Co.
Turner & Newall
United Glass Bottle
West Riding Worsted

Paper and Publishing
Beaverbrook Newspapers
Bowater Paper Corporation
Daily Mirror Newspapers
Robinson (E. S. & A.)

Oil and Mining
British Petroleum
British South Africa Co.
Canadian Eagle Oil
Central Mining
North Broken Hill
Rhodesian Anglo-American
"Shell" Transport & Trading
Tanganyika Concessions
Union Corporation

Steel and Engineering
Associated Electrical Industries
Babcock & Wilcox
Birmid Industries
British Motor Corporation
Broken Hill Proprietary
Chloride Electrical Storage
Davy & United Engineering
Dorman Long
Doxford (William) & Sons
English Electric
Herbert (Alfred)
International Combustion
Leyland Motors
Mather & Platt
Richardsons Westgarth
Rolls-Royce
Smith (S.) and Sons
South Durham Steel & Iron
Tube Investments
Vickers
Westinghouse Brake & Signal

Shipping
Furness Withy
London & Overseas Freighters
P. & O. Steam Navigation

Canadian and American
Asbestos Corporation
American Tel. & Tel.
Bell Telephone Co. of Canada
British Columbia Power
Building Products
Canadian Breweries
Canadian Pacific Railway
Chase Manhattan Bank
Columbia Gas System
Consumers' Gas of Toronto
Equitable Gas
Firstamerica Corporation
General Telephone Corporation
H. J. Heinz
International Nickel
International Utilities
Pacific Gas & Electric
Public Service Electric & Gas
Sinclair Oil Corporation
Socony Mobil Oil
Standard Oil (New Jersey)
Union Gas Co. of Canada
F. W. Woolworth (U.S.A.)

SAVINGS PLAN The Managers propose to introduce a Savings Plan to be run in conjunction with the Fund.

By means of this Savings Plan it will be possible for investors and small savers to take an interest in the Fund by making regular monthly payments. These regular payments will be accumulated in the Plan member's account and every time the cash balance is enough to buy ten Units these will be bought and held for him. The minimum payment that can be accepted will be at the rate of 10/- per week. Above this minimum there will be no limit to the amount that can be invested in this way.

No additional charge will be made by the Managers for administering the Savings Plan.

A booklet describing the Savings Plan will in due course be available on application to the Managers or the Trustees or to the Bankers and their branches. It is expected that the Savings Plan will start operating shortly and its inception will be announced in the Press.

How to Buy Units

Fill in the Application Form below and send it, to arrive not later than 3 p.m. on 4th February, 1959, to

NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK LIMITED,
New Issue Department, P.O. Box No. 71, 22, Old Broad St., London, E.C.2 (or any Branch of that Bank), or to

N. M. ROTHSCHILD & SONS,
New Court, St. Swithin's Lane, London, E.C.4, together with a remittance in favour of the appropriate Bank.
Units may only be bought in multiples of 10, with a minimum of 40.

APPLICATION FORM

NS.1

To: SHIELD FUND MANAGERS LTD.

I hereby apply for Units, or such lesser number as may be allotted to me, of Shield Unit Fund at a price of 10s. per Unit, upon the terms of the prospectus dated 30th January, 1959, and of the Trust Deed and I authorise you to place my name on the register accordingly. (Applications must be for multiples of 10 Units, with a minimum of 40 Units.)

* I declare that I am not resident outside the Scheduled Territories and that I am not acquiring the above mentioned units as the nominee of any person(s) resident outside these Territories.

I enclose the sum of £ being payment in full.

Date 1959

SIGNATURE

BLOCK LETTERS

SURNAME

Please state Mr., Mrs. or Miss.

CHRISTIAN NAMES (in full)

ADDRESS

Application Forms for joint holdings will be issued on request.

* If you are unable to make this declaration, the form must be lodged through a Bank, Stockbroker, Solicitor, or other Authorised Depositary. "Authorised Depositary" and "Scheduled Territories" are defined in Bank of England Notice E.C. Securities 8, as amended.

Authorised Depositaries are informed that permission has been given by the Bank of England for subscriptions to be made on behalf of non-residents, payment being effected in External Sterling or Blocked Sterling (Security Sterling).

and had a large measure of success. Dr Evatt's position seemed threatened; he has even been accused of trying at one time to come to terms with the Movement. The split arose because some of Santamaria's followers developed inordinate political ambitions and made use of tactics of defamation and voting trickery which outdid those of the Communists themselves. Santamaria had throughout the support of Dr Mannix, who seems not to have seen, as his more astute brother bishops did, that the only way in which Rome could control a still predominantly Protestant Australia would be if the Labour Party, effectively controlled by the Catholic Church, were in power in Canberra. On the other side, to fight a disintegrating battle, which Dr Evatt would be compelled to denounce, would only split the Labour Party and keep Mr Menzies in office.

When Dr Evatt did in fact come into the open and denounce this conspiracy within the ALP, he successfully maintained the loyalty of important Catholic leaders, noticeably Mr Calwell, with the result that about half the Catholic vote remained in the ALP. In spite of the smear against Dr Evatt it became impossible to pretend that the ALP was really penetrated by Communists or in danger of becoming so. The DLP publicity organ, *News Weekly*, is a propaganda sheet which relies on McCarthyite tactics.

In the Australian voting system, when there are more than two candidates in one area, the electors must place a number opposite each candidate in order of preference. Unless a candidate has an absolute majority of first preferences, the result will be decided by the second preferences.

In 1958 this meant that the battle was almost entirely concentrated on the effort to win the second preferences of the break-away DLP. Since the Catholic vote is fairly evenly divided between the ALP and the DLP, the fight seemed likely to turn on whether the Catholic leaders who had remained true to the Labour Party would be able to win back the votes of DLP Catholics. The joke, if it may so be called, was that in the event Mr Menzies won easily and without DLP preferences.

The simple inference is that the DLP, which proved in fact to have so small a hold on the Australian electorate, did not seriously influence the election. That would be a mistaken judgment. The fact is that the net result of the internecine Catholic fight was to rally the Protestant majority to the Liberal Party and also to divert a number of the less bigoted Catholics to the side of Mr Menzies. There are many Catholics who were prepared to take part in the original anti-Communist campaign out of which the DLP sprang, but who disapprove totally of political issues being dictated by sectarian motives.

The Church and Communism

So much seemed to turn on this issue of DLP preferences that the ALP paid for full-page advertisements in the press to define the Catholic hierarchy's views on how Catholics could vote. The punch-line repeated day after day was Cardinal Gilroy's statement that 'Catholics may in conscience vote for any political party or candidate excluding Communists'. But on the morning of 21 November, late enough to ensure that the ALP could not organise a nation-wide rebuttal, the Archbishop of Melbourne, Dr Mannix, the 95 year-old patron of the Catholic Social Movement, issued a statement which made front-page news in every newspaper. He said that 'amid the turmoil of the election one thing seems clear. Every Communist and every Communist sympathiser in Australia wants a victory for the Evatt party. It should be a significant warning for every Catholic and every decent Australian'.

Thus while the head of the Australian hierarchy was following the Vatican in denouncing only the Communists, Dr Mannix was suggesting that every vote for the ALP was, in effect, a vote for Communism. He ended his statement with a plug for the DLP. It is perhaps a sign of the new broom now at work in the Vatican, that since the election, Archbishop Simonds, the first Australian-born Archbishop, the co-adjutor of Melbourne and successor to Archbishop Mannix, made a pronouncement at Christmas that repudiated Dr Mannix. He admitted that the Church has taken part in politics – which the Australian Church has hitherto denied – stated that he was never himself involved in this policy and concluded by wishing a very happy Christmas to 'everyone, no matter what his political or other convictions may be' – which clearly includes the Communists. Although this very important utterance was at first almost wholly ignored by the press, it has made a sensation in Australia and it suggests that the Church now realises that it must repudiate the DLP and work to heal the breach in the ALP if Catholicism is every to regain its power.

The fact is that the Red scare has largely worn itself out in Australia and that Conservative-minded Australians see no reason for the extravagancies of the DLP. Mr Menzies seems a good enough safeguard against the Reds.

Exhaustive enquiries by the Petrov and other royal commissions uncovered not the slightest evidence of subversive Australian undergrounds or red spies. Arthur Calwell was one of the few with the courage to say, shortly before polling day, that Communism was in decline and to back his statement by a reminder that the Australian Communist Party which had 18,000 members at the end of the war had been reduced to 6,000 members, and that resignations were clearly outpacing conversions. Of course, the two Communist weeklies, the *Tribune* (Sydney) and the *Guardian* (Melbourne), indignantly reject Calwell's estimate of their unimportance. They publish poignant stories of how one persistent comrade succeeded in selling an additional 18 copies in the all-out drive for more subscribers and how he might have sold another dozen or so if he had not been hounded off the streets by the capitalist police. Though much is made of the 'unity tickets', by which, in some areas, the names of ALP union candidates may appear alongside those of a Communist candidate, no one any longer believes in the ALP's collaboration with Communism.

In so far as there is any basis at all for the press smear, it depends on strong Communist influence in the industrial and shipping unions. And yet the Waterside Workers' Union, the reddest in Australia, has only seven Communists among its 26 federal counsellors. Communist candidates for federal and state elections always lose their deposits, and one of the most remarkable aspects of the Australian scene is that, although Australian workers often vote for Communists like 'Big Jim' Healy in union elections, Australia has maintained an unparallelled record of industrial peace during the last nine years. As Mr Harold Holt, the Minister of Labour, has recently pointed out, there has not been a single really damaging industrial dispute during that period. From the point of view of an English Socialist, the charge against the ALP is not that it shows any red tendencies, but that in conditions of prosperity it has been, to a greater extent than any other Labour movement, satisfied to share out the cake of profit which, together with the employers, it makes out of the consumers. Australian employers on their side are very willing for such profitable compromises. Neither side is interested in ideas or ideals: Socialism is the talk of cranks. Neither side thinks it wise to waste money on fighting any more than to waste time arguing about principles.

Foreign Policy

Until 5 February 1942, the day on which impregnable Singapore surrendered to the Japanese, Australians felt safe, part of the British world defence system. Before the war Australians could go on a holiday cruise through seas bordering countries in which a thousand million Asians lived and yet never stop at a single Asian port until they reached Japan. In Java the Australian traveller was in Holland; at Singapore, in England; at Saigon, in France; at Manila, in America; at Hong Kong he was back in England; in Shanghai he was in western Europe. At Yokohama for the first time he would meet independent Asians who had learned to make and use guns.

Among the older generation of Australians those, say, who were born before federation, when Australia was still a medley of crown colonies, the revulsion from the discoloured peoples of Asia seems impossible to eradicate. After the war, for instance, as leader of the opposition, Mr Menzies ceaselessly attacked the Chifley government's policy because 'it is antagonising our nearest foreign neighbours, the Dutch'. Even today, the Australian premier seems not to have reconciled himself to the fact that 80 million Indonesians and not the Dutch government occupy the spice islands. In 1956 he regarded the attitude of Mr Casey, the Minister of External Affairs, towards the Afro-Asian world as 'soft', and seemed confident,

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when the Suez issue arose, that President Nasser and the Arab world would surrender at a threat of British might. Even today, the Menzies line is like the Macmillan line: British and Australian arms could have pulled off the Suez job if the US and the USSR had not ganged up against us.

For the last eight years various Menzies governments have wanted to pin the United States to specific commitments for the defence of South East Asia. The Anzus pact, initialled on 12 July 1951, was designed as a safeguard against Japan, 'our most obvious potential aggressor'. On 8 September 1954, the Seato treaty was signed at Manila. It followed the French defeat in Indo-China, and was formally worded as a defence against all aggression in South East Asia. But the United States made it clear that its own military obligations were confined to resistance against Communism. Australia put in a proviso that it was not obliged to intervene in a conflict between Asian members of the Commonwealth, that is, between India and Pakistan. The only Asian countries prepared to sign this treaty were Pakistan, the Philippines and Thailand. All the other Asian nations abruptly refused to make themselves parties to a treaty which might involve them in war against Communist China. In 1957 Seato officially acknowledged, as a result of the Bandung conference, that the principal threat was no longer of armed aggression and that 'subversion, which has always been a major problem, is the main threat we now face'.

Australia and Asia

The question that now disturbs thoughtful Australian minds is whether Seato, in its present form, may not be rather a danger than a safeguard. The United States have made it abundantly clear that the military plans of Seato are merely those that Washington would in any case make in its own defence. Mr Dulles insisted that the US would strike 'at an aggressor by means and in places of our own choosing'. The treaty, says Professor Macmahon Ball in a recent masterly article, 'does not oblige the United States, either legally or morally, to take any other course in South East Asia than the course it might be expected to take if the treaty did not exist'. And he points out that even last March when at Canberra the Seato powers were hoping to persuade South East Asian powers to regard the treaty as a safeguard rather than a trap, Mr Dulles took the opportunity violently to denounce any suggestion of recognition for Peking. In effect, therefore, the question for Australians is whether the political disadvantages of being tied to a treaty which antagonises their Asian neighbours does not override any hypothetical advantages that come from a treaty of military alliance with the United States, which in the event of war would decide, on grounds of its own interest, where and when to fight.

That Australia, and perhaps before long, America, will be compelled to realise that the counter to 'subversion' in Asia is far more political and economic than military is perhaps best illustrated by the curious story of Australia's relations with Indonesia. When the rebellion began in Sumatra last summer, the American and Australian reaction was to assume that the government at Djakarta was likely to come under Communist influence and that it would be good policy for the western powers to support the rebels, whose victory, in spite of all the evidence, was thought to be likely. In the autumn Mr Casey visited The Hague and Britain on the way to the United States where he made an unexpectedly long stay. It was widely reported that he had succeeded in persuading Britain and America to refuse to sell to the Indonesian government six naval aircraft required to police their 3,000 islands. It was put about that Indonesia was contemplating a military invasion of West Irian, the western part of New Guinea which had belonged to the Dutch but had not been handed over to Djakarta when the rest of the East Indies become independent in 1949. The Australian press, when I was there in October and November, were naturally making great play with bellicose statements made by President Sukarno, though in informed circles I found it fairly well understood that Sukarno's demagogy is not to be literally interpreted as a statement of Indonesian policy. Worse still, it was widely rumoured that an Australian-Dutch military alliance had been formed.

Since then relations between Indonesia and Australia have taken a more hopeful turn. Clearly, much that was said in Australia was conditioned by the election. The folly of refusing necessary police aircraft to Djakarta was obvious; its only effect would be to compel Djakarta, against its will, to rely on the Communist world for its armaments. The craft are now coming to Djakarta from western sources. Moreover, on his return from America Mr Casey made a conciliatory statement, suggesting that Dr Subandrio, the Indonesian foreign minister, should come to Canberra to discuss the position. Dr Subandrio accepted and the visit is planned for next month.

At the turn of the year Mr Hardi, Indonesia's deputy premier, in reply to a parliamentary question, stated that he had no evidence of the alleged military agreement between The Hague and Canberra, and that Mr Casey had accepted Djakarta's guarantee that there would be no military aggression against West Irian. He added that his government had repeatedly explained to Canberra that it fully recognised that Australia's interest and security were affected by events in Indonesia, but that it would be unwise for Australia to seek an alliance with a colonial power in opposing Indonesia's claim to West Irian. The way to peace was for Canberra to work with Indonesia in seeking a solution in New Guinea.

The position when Dr Subandrio arrives in Canberra may therefore be much more promising than seemed likely a few months ago. Australia has clearly understood that the government in Djakarta is not Communist and that any alternative government would certainly be more anti-western than the present one. America now appears to be throwing its influence on to the side of seeking good relations with Indonesia and the decks seem to be cleared for constructive discussions between the two foreign ministers.

If success is to be achieved, the tone and arguments used in the Australian press will have to be speedily changed. The opportunity would seem good for Mr Menzies to use his celebrated technique in handling Australian editors. On special occasions the premier summons the editors of the leading paper for a friendly talk; the result on their policy next day is a matter of common remark. On this occasion one might hope that he will point out that the arguments the newspapers commonly use against allowing Indonesia any foothold in New Guinea are not really tenable. To tell Indonesians that their demand for West Irian is 'imperialistic' and that they have no right to rule over ethnically different people must, he could point out, seem hypocritical to all Asians. It is inevitable that the Indonesians should demand West Irian; would not Indians have demanded the return of all Indian territory if the British had unwisely tried to hold on to a bit of it after we had quit India? As for the ethnic point, if that were granted, every big country in the world would have to be broken into fragments; the

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British would have no right to administer Wales, let alone Cyprus or Kenya, and the Australians would have to clear out of the eastern end of New Guinea. Mr Menzies might also warn editors against helping Communist propaganda in Indonesia by insulting the present independent government, and add for good measure that he is now in agreement with Washington that Australia cannot sensibly remain on bad terms with her nearest neighbour. In future Australia would have to deal direct with Djakarta and abandon the pretence that Holland is any longer a Pacific power or that the future of Indonesia or New Guinea can be solved by discussions at The Hague.

Once the ground was cleared in this fashion, Australian opinion might be brought round to consider a sensible compromise. Once they cease to think of Indonesians either as dangerous Communists or as uncivilised Asian upstarts, they will discover that Australians really have strong cards in their hand. Responsible leaders of Indonesia are well aware that to occupy West Irian would add a grave financial and administrative problem to their already formidable difficulties. They cannot, in the nature of things, surrender their claim to ultimate sovereignty over West Irian, but, as Mr Hardi's statement made clear, they do now realise that Australia cannot be indifferent to any change in an island where only a few years ago they fought one of the most terrible of jungle war. Their main quarrel with Australia has been Canberra's support of the Dutch, which seems to them similar to America's support of Chiang Kai-shek on Formosa. In short, Indonesians may be willing to agree to a compromise about occupation, provided they lose their fear that Australia's real intention is to fortify a white outpost in the Pacific. Once it is clear that Australia is not thinking in any such terms, it seems at least possible that good diplomacy, perhaps helped by the United Nations, might lead to some joint scheme which would safeguard not only honour on both sides, but also peace and, surely a primary consideration, the welfare of the native inhabitants of New Guinea. Negotiations that began with the recognition both of Indonesia's moral claim and Australia's concern for her security might end in some form of joint administration by which Indonesia would postpone for an agreed number of years its demand to exercise the sovereign rights it claims. Such a solution would change Australia's entire relation with her Asian neighbours.

White Australia

Not all of Australia is white. One may meet at least three groups of non-whites. The first are students under the Colombo Plan. Australia has contributed generously to this scheme and welcomed some thousands of Asians, Indonesians, Burmese, Ceylonese and others to her universities. Most of them have acquired a technical training, There are critics who believe that the method of selection is not always good and that it might be better if Australia were to spend her Colombo contribution on setting up institutes in the Asian countries rather than taking students in her own. But the one certain defect of the Plan is that it is far too limited. Here is a method by which the technical skills of the West can be shared with the East, a method of intercourse which is not tainted with cold war implications. Asian students in Australia are warm about their reception. This is not, however, a significant comment on racial feeling or lack of it in Australia. The problem hardly arises in the case of social intercourse with temporary and chosen guests.

The second group are a few resident Asians, mainly Chinese families who established themselves in Australia in the days of the gold rush. Occasionally a new member is added to this community. If a Chinese resident, for instance, marries a member of his own race from abroad he may perhaps obtain permission for her to live with him in Australia. This is a matter of ministerial discretion. White Australia is not decreed by law; it is a policy. The Minister's legal duty is to decide whether any intending immigrant is suitable. The decision of Mr Arthur Calwell as Minister of Immigration to allow a mass influx of southern Europeans was justified, in his own words, as 'a calculated risk'. As far as the law goes, another Minister of Immigration could allow Asians to enter on the same basis.

The Aborigines

The third group are the unhappy Aborigines. The total number of full-blooded and half-caste Aborigines in the whole of Australia today is certainly much less than a hundred thousand. Their history is cruel, and their present position deplorable. Their living conditions are amongst the most primative in the world and they were treated by the original white settlers as no better than vermin. Some of them, indeed, were killed by eating arsenic put into bags of flour or sugar for them to pick up. The majority of them today live a nomadic life in an almost waterless desert, existing on the flesh of kangaroos which they kill with spears, and on roots which they grub out of the ground. Even so, they have no security in the reserves which have been allotted to them. They are liable – as the world knows since the protests at the use of the Woomera rocket range – to be thrown out and totally disregarded where white interests are supposed to be at stake. I myself met an indignant missionary who told a heart-rending tale of how his Aboriginal parishioners, who had learn to live in settled and slightly more prosperous conditions, were likely to have their land taken from them by a prospecting company which believed that it had found mineral wealth under it. Those who abandoned their tribal life are to be found living in the utmost squalor on the outskirts of Australia's big cities. Some of them are able to obtain good money working as stockmen on farms or as labourers in the towns. But they have not the rights of citizens; they do not take to town dwelling, are apt to disappear on 'walk-abouts' and quickly gamble away the money they make. Most Australians I met were frankly ashamed of their treatment of the Aborigines. They were particularly shocked by an official report of their conditions in Western Australia, which described many of them as near starvation and almost desperate. Conditions are certainly less bad in the central reserves.

The case of Namatjira, probably today the best known of the Aboriginals, has been a matter of world-wide interest. It focuses the entire situation. Namatjira is a full-blooded Aboriginal who, after a short period of study under a white artist, gained national recognition as one of Australia's outstanding painters. His pictures command high prices and, by way of exception, he was given some of the rights of an Australian citizen. He was allowed to indulge his quite adequate taste for alcohol, but the offence which made him headline news was that he shared his drink with another Aboriginal. Technically, the legal punishment for this offence was prison and loss of citizenship. No one was prepared to defend this absurdity, and Namatjira has in fact, on one excuse or another, been kept out of prison. But the case has brought protests from circles far beyond the usual groups which work for the welfare of the Aborigines. I have asked those who have close knowledge of the Aborigines whether there is any reason to believe that they are inferior in capacity to white men. The answer has always been that they are fully capable of normal education and could become good and intelligent citizens of Australia. One teacher who, as a result of the exigencies of war, found himself in charge of a mixed class of Aborigines and white Australians, tells me that the Aborigines were generally popular, that they were remarkably good athletes and that they were not intellectually inferior to their fellows. That they are so grossly neglected is regarded my many Australians as a national disgrace.

The future of Australia is intimately connected with the racial problem. That the exclusion of Asians as such is unchristian and offensive to Australians has been stated in plain terms by ministers of many religious denominations. As a moral principle, white Australia is not tenable; as one leading professor put it to me, 'It is like sin: we all know it is wrong, but we enjoy it'. There are two methods under discussion by which the traditional policy might be modified.

The Future

The first, supported in general terms by many leading men, including the Minister for External Affairs, is the acceptance of Asian quotas after the pattern of the United States immigration laws. Those who advocate this method usually assume that the quotas would be small; they usually hope to escape the taint of discrimination against Asian countries without changing the Australian way of life, risking racial mixture or undermining Australia's wage standards. Australian Labour, which has always taken the strongest stand against Asian immigration, will need a great deal of reassurance on this last point. Moreover, it is doubtful whether the institution of a quota might not cause more offence to Asian countries than the present blanket refusal.

The second method of modifying the present policy would be for Australia to accept individual Asians on their merits. Just as Mr Calwell changed the face of Australia by accepting immigrants from Europe without changing the law, so a future Minister of Immigration might bring about a greater revolution by accepting Asian immigrants – in so far as public opinion permitted. This subject is now widely, but quite inconclusively, debated in Australia.

There are now two comments I would like to make. The first is that Sir MacFarlane Burnet spoke for all who think scientifically when he told the Australian Citizenship Convention last week that Australians must rid themselves of the idea that all inter-mixture with coloured people was necessarily bad. 'We need not worry,' he said, 'if a hundred years hence the average pigmentation is a little darker than ours.' This was an unusual sentiment to be publicly expressed in Australia, but it was obviously the truth. In the long run it is impossible to maintain little white enclaves in the modern world. Sooner or later all races will mix. There will be neither white nor black. The sooner this general principle is realised everywhere, the happier the future is likely to be. Secondly, the application of this principle, to Australia or anywhere else, is seldom simple or easy. No one has any idea whether a large number of Asians would wish to come to Australia if the doors were open; and Australians are perfectly justified in seeking to safeguard their living standards. Asian countries themselves do not accept indiscriminate immigration.

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modern country or not. Except in areas where prospectors have found new sources of wealth under the soil, there is at present little incentive to development in the vast, almost uninhabited, desert or semi-desert areas. But Australians are all aware of the change in their position. They have been a small technically advanced people neighbouring on Asia but not a part of it; today they watch with embarrassment the rest of Asia also becoming technically advanced. Can they alone leave their country undeveloped? Professor Oliphant has told them that with the help of atomic energy their desert lands may become rich and ready for massive development. The possibilities are unknown, but if capital is applied to the large scale developments of Australia, the 20 millions to which they now look forward as their maximum population would be incalculably increased. In that case the doors could not remain closed to Asians. Probably the best hope for Australians is that, realising in time that they cannot remain isolated and underpopulated, they will embark on a policy of controlled development in which they will accept the co-operation of their Asian neighbours.

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Books About Australia

The Australian Encyclopædia

Australians are naturally sensitive about our ignorance of their country's history, literature and culture. There has been a sharp increase of interest in recent months and the notable publishing feat, achieved by Messrs. Angus and Robertson, in issuing a new *Australian Enclyopædia* will today receive a much wider response that it would have done at any earlier period. This encyclopædia, like others in the history of European nations, is in itself a tide mark in the development of Australia's national consciousness. It consists of ten handsome volumes, excellently produced and generously illustrated with colour plates, maps and half-tone blocks. Its price is £45. It is edited by Alec H. Chisholm and the list of contributors includes many of Australia's leading scholars.

It is only after regularly using an encyclopædia that its merits can be fully appreciated and its defects discovered. Of this work, however, one can say with confidence that students, business men and specialists will find it an essential and reliable work of reference. One can only judge by samples. The long entry on Aborigines provides a good summary of the scientific facts, the findings of anthropologists and the controversies about the origins and capacities of Australia's indigenous people. The writer does not hide the fact of Australia's neglect of these luckless people nor, in the section on the effect of their contacts with white settlers, does he disguise the barbarity of their past treatment. Other test sections are the essays on Communism and Petrov, which are both quite reasonably objective. Roman Catholicism has set the editor a pretty problem. The section on Catholic Action has been entrusted to Mr Santamaria himself, while the main articles on Catholicism have been written by a well-known clerical scholar. One cannot complain that Mr Santamaria writes that it was 'natural that the success of the Industrial Groups in the years 1948-53 should have had an impact on the personnel and policies at Labour conferences, and that both individual Catholics and social policies associated with the Social Justice Statements should have made their own impression on the Labour movement'. If this is unexceptionable, it is also uninformative; and we must wait until the dust has cleared a little for an adequate account of the origin of the Democratic Labour Party and its impact on Australia.

K. M.

Bibliography

Below is a short list of recommended books about Australia. Those who desire a more comprehensive bibliography can obtain from the librarian of Australia House, Aldwych, London, a select list (issued annually by the Commonwealth National Library) of standard works in print and of recent publications. On current Australian problems the University of Sydney publishes short pamphlets, on the ABCA model, each dealing simply and authoritatively with a special topic followed by a list of books for further reading.

Opportunity in Australia. IRVINE DOUGLAS. *Barrie & Rockliff.* 21*s.*
An up-to date book which provides the information that a prospective immigrant needs.

Australian Accent. By J. D. PRINGLE. *Chatto & Windus.* 18*s.*
Mr Pringle's book, already reviewed in this journal, is the liveliest report on Australian manners and morals published since the war.

Australian Hopes and Fears. By COLIN CLARK *Hollis & Carter.* 30*s.*
Mr Clark's long association with the Labour government in Queensland and his religious views lead him to controversial and, in certain cases, extremist conclusions. But he writes astringently about economic policy and the future of Australia: he has material which is otherwise hard to come by.

The Sunburnt Country. ED. IAN BEVAN. *Collins.* 21*s.*
A profile of Australian life by Australian writers.

The Australian Commonwealth. By BRIAN FITZPATRICK. *F. W. Cheshire* (Melbourne). 30*s.*
Mr Fitzpatrick, author of the standard *British Empire in Australia,* and *British Imperialism in Australia,* has written a stimulating and radical comment on the emergence of modern Australian society. His discussion of intolerance and sectarianism especially is a useful corrective to self-satisfaction.

Australian Government and Politics. By J. D. B. MILLER. *Duckworth* 15*s.*

The Commonwealth and the World. By J. D. B. MILLER. *Duckworth.* 25*s.*
Professor Miller's two books are among the best and the most up-to-date. Both are extremely readable, comprehensive and imaginative. The first will make the complexities of Australian federalism intelligible to English readers: the second places Australia in its Commonwealth context.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Science and the Higher Truth

STANDARDS of knowledge and of rational understanding have been no less variable, no less in need of historical explanation, than the standards of beauty or of virtue. Why did men who had the necessary evidence for so long fail to draw the conclusions, to accept the explanation, which now seem to us obvious and unavoidable? Why did they cling to forms of explanation which now seem, judged by our standards, not to have been explanations at all? These are some of Mr Koestler's questions*.

In every age there is some preferred example of adequate knowledge and of clear understanding which serves as a model. Any new claim to knowledge, derived from sources that have never been used before, is always tested for legitimacy by a comparison with this prevailing model. An effort of imagination is always needed to understand the dominance of a now discredited ideal of natural explanation. Mr Koestler's history of cosmology reconstructs, with the added emphasis that is characteristic of him, the moments of breakdown and break-through, the first visionary steps towards a new pattern of natural knowledge and the anxious clinging to the old. The book is never for a moment dull. The author enters the drama himself, eagerly taking sides.

Our contemporary image of natural knowledge, pure and undefiled, is a mathematical physicist, scribbling a few equations which will explain the motions of everything everywhere and unlock 'the secrets of matter'. So dominating is this image that the word 'science' is now apt to be used as if all science, as near as makes no difference, was simply mathematical physics. This happens particularly when Science is pitted against Religion in one of those unreal public contests, during which their claims to final truth are compared. In an epilogue, and at intervals in his narrative, Mr Koestler compels those tired old war-horses, science and faith, to show their paces once again; and here again science seems to be simply identified with theoretical physics, as if all the sciences arrived at conclusions of the same form. Relying on that masterpiece of foreshortened history, Whitehead's *Science and the Modern World*, Mr Koestler thinks that contemporary consciousness is split. On one side there is 'desiccated' scientific knowledge, on the other a now starved and separated faith in the spiritual destiny of men. The interest of his book seems to me to lie in the superbly sustained narrative, which extends from the Ionian philosophers to Newton, and in the vivid portraits of Tycho Brahe, Copernicus, and Kepler. But the philosophical thesis is aggressively there, important to the author, and cannot be left unquestioned.

Before the thesis could be accepted, I think that one would need to answer 'Yes' to each of the following questions. First, on a matter of historical fact: was there a comfortable agreement on the limits of Christian faith and of free inquiry before the Renaissance destroyed it? Surely not: there was a running debate throughout the Middle Ages, to which Mr Koestler himself alludes. This debate continued, in changing forms, in the following centuries and will continue indefinitely, as long as there is rational theology. Secondly, is scientific inquiry necessarily, or even generally, 'desiccating' and abstract? Again, No· delight in the discovered variety of nature, and in its complexities, may have been as much part of the inquirer's enjoyment as delight in the uniformity and simplicity of physical laws. The catalogue of nature is inexhaustible, and it is a reasonable guess that most scientists at any one moment have been engaged in bringing to light and naming new things and new forms. Nor is it true that colour, sounds and other qualitative differences must be disregarded in any genuine scientific inquiry. Thirdly, is it true that 'the very framework of space and time turned out (*sc.*, in modern physics) to be as illusory as the taste, odours and colours which Galileo treated so contemptuously'? No· this was a disputed, and now generally rejected, philosophical interpretation of modern physics, and not a conclusion of physics itself. Fourthly, has there been a 'progressive spiritual desiccation in post-Renaissance centuries'? No: this vague remark sounds like claptrap. Planck and Einstein, Sherrington and Fermi, do not seem to have been any more 'spiritually desiccated' than any typical medieval thinker; and there is no evidence that study of the rational constructions of modern science has been found less inspiring, and less exciting, than study of the systems of the schoolmen. Lastly, is it possible to regard religion or faith as a single human interest, the loss of which is to be regretted? No: a religious man is not a man who believes in religion, but rather in a specific theology and in the rightness of a particular way of living which is founded upon it. It is arrogant, insulting almost, to wish that men were more religious, unless one believes that a certain religion is true. Mr Koestler is no doubt right in supposing that, in general and in the long run, the habit of scientific inquiry has tended to undermine the habit of Christian faith. Taken by itself, this fact is not to be regretted, as if religion was a matter of psychological health, a remedy for spiritual dryness. The question is: Have they been led away from the truth?

The fact that the range of ascertained truth about the natural order has become too various, and too intricate, for any one man to grasp, constitutes the real difference between the present and that earlier age of faith, which Mr Koestler regrets. This is the great disappointment of the system-builders. It has in effect changed the idea of natural knowledge, which in the seventeenth century was still thought easily exhaustible, when once the guiding principles had been found. This faith in the easy intelligibility of nature has gone. But its loss, like the corresponding loss of easy intelligibility in the arts, is much too simply described as a split in human consciousness.

However much one may disagree with Mr Koestler's philosophy, he is irresistible in his descriptions of the lives and characters of Tycho Brahe, Copernicus, and above all, of Kepler. Mr Koestler evidently likes this ill-favoured, generous, mystical, whimsical, garrulous genius, partly, perhaps, because he was so unlike a logical positivist. He was the most sleepwalking of the sleepwalkers. Guided by weird intuitions and an extravagant neo-Platonist philosophy, he walked, unsteadily and unaware, towards a devastating truth. But after six brilliant chapters at the centre of the book one enters that wasps' nest of controversy, the case of Galileo and the Church, and Mr Koestler becomes unpredictable, amazing.

As the author of some unfounded statements about Galileo's trial, based on discredited sources, I think I can recognise other unfounded statements, similarly based on ignorance, or at least the more obvious ones. They do not occur here. Mr Koestler has of course thoroughly considered the authorities, including Mr de Santillana's much discussed book, *The Crime of Galileo*. It is the bias in the commentary, and the tendency in the arrangement of the story, which are so odd and disquieting. Galileo had died eight years after he had been compelled by the Inquisition to deny, as a mere absurdity, his belief that the earth goes round the sun: the Pope had prohibited his friends from erecting a monument to the man who 'had altogether given rise to the greatest scandal throughout Christendom'. Summing up the case of Galileo, Mr Koestler's last sentence contains these words: 'That was the end of one of the most disastrous episodes in the history of ideas: for it was Galileo's ill-conceived crusade which had discredited the heliocentric system and precipitated the divorce of science from faith'. Discredited with whom and for how long? And who was finally discredited? The heliocentric system or the authorities of the Church? A little earlier one reads: 'The only real penalty on Galileo was that he had to abjure his conviction'. This of a passionate and proud man, old and ill and humiliated, who had been compelled to destroy part of his life's work, and who was, as Mr Koestler remarks, a 'broken man' after his recantation: he returned from the ordeal to the Tuscan Embassy in Rome 'more dead than alive'. Mr Koestler graciously states that he does not 'feel at liberty to criticise the change in his behaviour (*sc.*, his final and self-immolating recantation) before the Inquisition. He was seventy and he was afraid. That his fears were exaggerated . . . is beside the point'. In the story that leads up to the humiliation, Galileo is presented as a would-be 'superman' impelled by vanity: he was 'beyond listening to reason' in teaching the superiority of the Copernican to the Ptolemaic hypothesis. It is suggested that he refused to accept the Church's offer of a compromise, and insisted on the physical truth of the hypothesis, partly because he could not yet produce any proof of it. After all, Mr Koestler cleverly argues, the new telescope by itself provided no proof: the new observations could be made compatible with Tycho Brahe's system. This is of course true and, as special pleading,

* *The Sleepwalkers: A History of Man's Changing Vision of the Universe.* By ARTHUR KOESTLER. *Hutchinson.* 25s.

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magnificent. The fact remains that Galileo was convinced of the physical truth of the hypothesis, having realised that the new observations made good sense, as physical realities, only when taken together with the new dynamics. Overestimating his influence with the authorities in the Church, and underestimating the ruthlessness of the reactionaries within the Church, and of his enemies outside, he thought that he could prevent the Church from coming down on the losing side of stupidity and error. But he failed and the scandal of his trial remains.

How horribly familiar it is, this ever present, anxious shuffle of the fellow-traveller, taking the long view, and preferring the Higher Truth. We have heard it all again recently. 'If only he (Galileo or Pasternak) had waited a little longer. . .' 'Why could he (Galileo or Pasternak) not have kept quiet and only expressed half the truth of his vision. . .? 'If only he had realised their difficulties. . .' 'There were reasonable men among them. . . .' Things were just getting better. . .' Add another prong to the argument: show that the proponent of a new vision is vain, impetuous, excited, not a sensible man ready for compromise. Those who have new visions usually are uncompromising and obsessed, and particularly when presenting their life's work to the world in their old age. Mr Koestler's synthesis of science and faith is not likely to be a reliable friend of untimely truth, freely discovered and freely communicated. Rather it seems to be another name for Historical Necessity or the Higher Truth, that old friend waiting in the background.

There are five hundred pages of bold exposition of theories, with brilliant phrases, embarrassing phrases, philosophical reflections, laments about the modern world. All of it is intensely readable.

STUART HAMPSHIRE

White Snow

'White snow', my daughter says, and sees
For the first time the lawn, the trees,
Loaded with this superfluous stuff.
Two words suffice to make facts sure
To her, whose mental furniture
Needs only words to say enough.

Perhaps by next year she'll forget
What she today saw delicate
On every blade of grass and stone;
Yet will she recognise those two
Syllables, and see them through
Eyes which remain when snow has gone?

Season by season, she will learn
The names when seeds sprout, leaves turn,
And every change is commonplace.
She will bear snowfalls in the mind,
Know wretchedness of rain and wind,
With new eyes in a different face.

My wish for her, who held by me
Looks out now on this mystery
Which she has solved with words of mine,
Is that she may learn to know
That in her words for the white snow
Change and permanence combine –
The snow melted, the trees green,
Sure words for hurts not suffered yet, nor seen.

ANTHONY THWAITE

Another Odyssey

Go then, Odysseus, on this one cruise more.
No doubt the foxy beard is three parts grey,
But still the witch-smoke taints the island airs,
Still crawls the blue wave to the sculpted shore,
Still sounds, though feebly, Cytherea's chime;
And you in Greece have not learnt to be wise
Although the good Greeks, nodding in their cups,
Have formulated wisdom for our time.
Now you shall pass the sirens' coast unbound,
Sniff the salt wind as greedily as ever,
Appraise their singing with as keen an ear,
Yet less respond to that voluptuous sound
Than muse how once you sweated at the mast,
Contriving how to eat your cake and keep it.
That will and means may be at odds all through:
Is this the wisdom we achieve at last?
Go then; and if you see some beardless fool,
New to your crew, with unstopped ears, dive shoreward,
Break like a falling star – then tell yourself
That you've seen wisdom of a different school.

JAMES REEVES

First Elephants Seen

The two-year-old eye, nourished on a nursery
Distortion of all surrounding reality,
That has seen elephants blue and pink with whimsy
On the stiff cardboard pages of an urban infancy,

What could it make of such barbarous creatures,
Drab, dry, corrugated, unlovable textures,
With dexterous, wizened, hair-straggled features –
Was there some mistake? Was it ours or Nature's?

Apparently not. For the eye of a child
Can accept as real a fantasy so wild,
And knows that an elephant is good and gentle.
We are the ones who are sentimental.

GAVIN EWART

The Girlfish

Sunlight curls smooth on the curve of the down
By the smooth bay where the boat lies
Quiet below the tanglewood knoll.
The line reeled out, moaning to fathoms
Of deep tautened on a memory of weight:
A joy fought there on the tightening
Line. The little man in the boat was playing
A giant fish: took it quiet at the start,
Slowly bringing it in from the spine's
First tremor with the thrumming power
For a long frenzy of fight, the first
Rounds easy and hinting. And came at the end
To play it fast as a summer storm
When the lightning repeatedly strikes
And strikes in the hills.
What truth under softening skies?

BRIAN GILES

That Conjuror's Wand

Goodbye Earth and Other Poems. By I. A. RICHARDS. *Routledge.* 12s. 6d.

Yeats divined a principle that supposes in every life the desire to become its own opposite. His Hunchback complains:

> A Roman Cæsar is held down
> Under this hump

while his Saint striving to unbecome that same Cæsar performs daily penance to thrash

> Greek Alexander from my flesh,
> Augustus Cæsar, and after these
> That great rogue Alcibiades.

A volume of verses from the author of *Practical Criticism* and *The Principles of Literary Criticism* seems to fall within Yeats's pattern. Coleridge turned from poetry to the philosophy and criticism of poetry; it was his penance

> . . . by abstruse research to steal
> From my own nature all the natural man

but to reverse this direction, and to pass from criticism to the writing of verse is a happier transformation, or so at least those of us who have for many years revered I. A. Richards the critic must hope. Nor perhaps is the metamorphosis of wizard into bard so difficult. 'That Conjuror's Wand' could transform the poems of others from indifferent familiarity to miraculous new beauty. A whole generation of those who have known him, heard him, or merely read him, know that none is his equal in this gift of transforming mere text to living meaning. Those gifted with such understanding of the speech of the bards cannot be far from the secret of writing it.

What kind of poems, then, does this Merlin turned Taliessin write? Superficially at least his work takes much after that of his chief disciple, William Empson. It is thickly sown with ambiguities of double meaning, shift of meaning in repetition of the same word, the play of wit with mathematics and logic, the imagery of modern science held in tension against philosophic concepts of the Far East. Here indeed it would be hard to say that Richards is borrowing anything from Empson that Empson did not first learn from him. But the resemblance in diction also is striking; there is the villanelle with the Empsonian monosyllabic beat:

> Forget, forget. . . . Forget what you forget.
> The diary entry: name, fact, place and date
> Let go and let the loitering dead be dead.
>
> Missed cue, lost quote, worse muddled figures yet,
> The choice statistic, much mislaid of late
> Forget . . .

In density of meaning, if not in passion, the Master can rival his pupil:

> These choices, made still on our earth, choose still
> The circuits out of which my space-ship's built.
> Those engineers tried hard to make it simple;
> But – Choice of Choices! Milky Way be Spilt! –
> Nothing's more complex than the conscious Will:
>
> Exonerate, exempt, self-selfed, self-slain;
> The mutinous snow-flake bent upon a mission:
> To run a cell, then crawl, a Hamlet soon
> – Its amplitude all products of division –
> Now new designed to be project again.

We need the Magician's own help in such passages; how are we to apply those tests he taught us, Meaning, Sensuous Apprehension, Tone, Feeling, and the rest? Such help as he gives us in the Notes illuminates, sage-wise, his own obscure by more obscure and yet grander mysteries. About a third of the Notes are quotations from *The Republic*, another third from

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Shakespeare. These, with St Augustine, Zarathustra, Blake, Aristotle and the Buddha, are fixed points within whose distances Professor Richards measures out his field of allusion. Some will find it a dry, but all must experience it as a high world into which he leads us. All the same, we may sometimes ask whether the Conjuror is playing fair with us, and whether confronted (for example) in a Practical Criticism paper with the text of 'The Solitary Daffodil', and lulled by its more-than-Wordsworthian air of simplicity –

> Its candid countenance was there
> Speaking of the end of ill
> With mild, confiding, tranquil air:
> Its crisp, translucent whorls so pure
> I grew as sure as it was sure.

– a candidate might not be justly accused, by I. A. Richards the critic, of 'mnemonic irrelevance' who associated with the word *whorls*: 'And the spindle turns round upon the knees of Necessity. On every one of its circles is a Siren'. This, however, is what that remarkable daffodil said to the sage.

There is a more earthly I. A. Richards as well. 'Lighting Fires in Snow' is only overtly about the problems of language: the real feeling here is in the figurative term of the metaphor, the fire of sticks that the experienced climber lights with adept skill high up in the mountains. Rockfall and mountain torrent, trodden paths among bracken, even snow in the Harvard 'Yard', reveal the passion of the mountaineer. But no ordinary mountaineer is this skilled and well-equipped scaler of philosophic heights; those mountains are most truly his on which, as he likes to say, whenever he has climbed to the highest point that he can reach, there he is sure to meet Plato – 'on his way back'.

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KATHLEEN RAINE

Two Voices

The Birth of a Dilemma. By PHILIP MASON. *Oxford.* 30*s.*

Mr Mason is a distinguished former Indian civil servant, who has travelled via Chatham House to the new Institute of Race Relations, of which he is the begetter and first Director. This book is the Institute's first major publication, and therefore interesting partly as an indication of the way in which author and Institute interpret 'Race Relations'. Very sensibly, in my view, they treat it as a kind of history. The emphasis is upon uniqueness, illumined by analogies and contrasts, not on large sociological generalisations. How did this specific human society, containing darkish people and fairish people, come into being? What past events have helped to determine contemporary attitudes, of dark to fair and fair to dark?

Mr Mason has chosen the Central African Federation, more particularly Southern Rhodesia, as the first field in which to try out this type of enquiry because he believes that 'Rhodesia, ... for any Englishman who concerns himself with the future of this conflict between dark and fair, is the key point, the centre of the strategic position.' He might have added the further reason that Rhodesia has on the whole been very badly served by historians. The book begins with a sketch of the pre-colonial history of the peoples of the region – the dominant, highly organised States, like those of the Matabele and the Barotse, and the subject, more fragmented, peoples, like the Mashona and the Batonga – using the now accepted technique of piecing together evidence from various sources. Part of the difficulty of this kind of synthesis, as Mr Mason points out, is the extreme disparity of the accounts: 'the Barotse, for instance, seen through the eyes of a missionary and of an anthropologist are hardly recognisable as the same people'. None the less he succeeds in throwing out interesting topics for discussion:

> That chief and people are one and the law the expression of their joint will – not only of the present chief and people but of their ancestors in the past – . . . surely this concept of kingship and people will affect the Bantu in their approach to the modern world, their organisation of trade unions and churches, their working of democratic institutions . . . Lewanika as a king is more like Edward I than like Louis XIV or Aurangzebe . . . His skill consists in guiding and moulding – and to some extent being guided by – both barons and commons, while he is always subject to a law he cannot override. . . . While, in theory at least, every man should speak his opinion before the king, it is generally felt that there should be no more dissension once the will of the people has been pronounced by the king. . . .
>
> Another point emerges that will affect the future. Here are people much concerned about personal relationships, not interested in providing for physical needs. . . . The representatives of Victorian Europe who come to Africa . . . are less concerned with personal relationships and more with wealth even than their fellow countrymen.

One might want to argue about some of these generalisations. But this is a voice worth listening to – of the deep. What happens next? I had hoped for an account of the ways in which these societies changed during the period of European penetration and ascendancy – something on the lines of Balandier's admirable study of the changes in the Fang and Bakongo systems in his *Sociologie Actuelle de l'Afrique Noire*. What transformations occurred in Matabele and Mashona society? What happened to their barons and commons? To their religious and political beliefs? What new elites began to emerge? What new forms of organisation? How did they react to this world of the Wilcoxes? But about all this we hear very little. At one point the author seems to admit this, with a kind of apology that these societies 'are still illiterate and inarticulate'. But what can be done for the Fang and the Bakongo can be done, surely, for the Matabele and the Mashona? We are, it is true, given the tragic personal history of Lobengula, last king of the independent Matabele. Otherwise, for the remaining two-thirds of the book, the author falls back for the most part on old-fashioned colonial history – Rhodes, Rudd, Jameson, and all that – and a descriptive account of the colonial system as it functioned in the early days: routine material, intelligently handled. It seems almost as though the author had lost interest in his own theme half-way through; or as though the authentic, lively voice of the student of African history had been hushed by the efficient, elevated, somewhat monotonous voice of Chatham House and the ICS.

THOMAS HODGKIN

Flying Archetypes

Flying Saucers. By C. G. JUNG. *Routledge.* 14*s.*

Ufology, the study of Unidentified Flying Objects, has a most distinguished new recruit. For the past ten years, it seems, the shaman of Basle has been studying Saucer literature with all the intentness of a priest peering into a bowl of entrails. It is not, however, with the question of the objective existence of Ufos that he is concerned, but with their significance as a modern myth: a myth generated both by the fear of atomic annihilation and the subordination of twentieth-century man to the state. Where the ancients saw portents in eagles and meteorites and attributed them to the gods so, in this technological age, the visions of modern men are of space craft, sent by extra-terrestial beings of superhuman intelligence. Yet the shapes of these projections (if that is all they are) still conform to the eternal archetypes; the Saucer seen as a globe is a Mandala, the Sanskrit symbol of totality, God, or the soul. When it is seen in the form of a raindrop it reflects the mystic Mercury of the alchemists, the Saviour of the World, when as a lens, the newly discovered shape of the galaxies. Both the globe and the rarer cigar shape may be, incidentally, sexual symbols – here Jung once more lays about his former master – but their deeper significance is religious: the religious instinct for wholeness is 'the most fundamental'.

On this theme Jung composes many delightful, off-beat variations. Half of his book is about 'Ufos in dreams', and it is strewn with references to the Hermetics and such figures as Zosimus the Panopolitan (beloved of that old sceptic Anatole France). There is an acute comparison of modern art to the Rorschach test, much play with number symbolism – ogdoads, quincunxes and the Quinta Essentia – and we learn that even Wells' Time Machine had a built-in quaternity! Struck by the apparent weightlessness of Ufos, Jung suggests an equation of the psyche with anti-gravity, and even Gerald Heard's theory that

they are a species of Martian bee should not be lightly dismissed for 'we are now nearing that great change which may be expected when the spring-point enters Aquarius'—when, presumably, anything is possible. With all this he realises he may be putting his scientific reputation in jeopardy, but his conscience bids him 'prepare those few who will hear me for coming events which are in accord with the end of an era'.

Ominous indeed! But whatever we may think of the wrappings, the core of the oracle is pregnant with suggestion. If Ufos exist physically who can doubt their importance? And if not, it is still, surely, significant that the psyche has found it necessary to invent them. Jung may be overfond of beating the backs of 'rootless rationalists' with the rods of telekinesis, ESP and ectoplasm, but his interpretation of Ufos as archetypes ('or gods as they used to be called') is not merely entertaining, but in many places both convincing and impressive.

PHILIP ROBINSON

Sweet Smell of Corruption

The D.A.'s Man. By HAROLD R. DANFORTH and JAMES D. HORAN. *Gollancz*. 21*s*.

Small Town D.A. By ROBERT TRAVER. *Faber*. 15*s*.

Superficially, *The D.A.'s Man* is not a conventional thriller. Mr Danforth spent 16 years as a special investigator for the New York District Attorney, first under Dewey, then under Hogan. So he was not a police detective; instead of solving crimes, his job was to collect evidence for the D.A.'s prosecution of public enemies. Consequently, there is no satisfying logical who-dun-itry about his book. The people he had to deal with were mostly known criminals. The problem was simply to pin *something* on them—more usually tax-evasion than murder. Mr Danforth's part of it was to dress himself up as the case required—as a docker or a brothel-owner or a queer—and hang around to hear what he could hear.

In terms of fact and method Mr Danforth is interesting enough. He has a great deal to say about wire-tapping, shadowing, making up to gangsters' molls, wheedling confessions and protecting terrorised witnesses. And on the sheer hard labour of evidence-gathering he is excellent:

> The major job was noting all his toll calls. We had a chart made in the office which listed more than 10,000 calls over a span of years. We traced each call, then built a dossier on the ones we suspected of having criminal dealings with Fay. From the telephone calls, the licence plates and his visitors, a pattern began to form: Fay was intimate with contractors, racketeers, politicians and hoodlums.

The whole business is much more sordid, painstaking and less spectacular than the conventional thrillers make out. Mr Danforth never got into a gun-battle with anybody.

It is a pity, then, that he has been so badly served by his ghost. The trouble is not just that the journalist in question, Mr James D. Horan, tries to parody Chandler:

> He has the appetite of an Henry VIII, the manners of a Chesterfield, the morals of a tomcat and the cold, impersonal cruelty of a knife blade. Although physically he resembles a beer keg with legs, he has an incredible fascination for women.

He has also parodied Mr Danforth:

> It is not in my make-up to run away; it's the Yankee in me. I'm one of those men who must battle for what he feels is right but which inevitably brings heartache and probably financial disaster.

The ghost has rounded the picture off with an unexpected touch of boy-scoutism:

> She leaned over. 'You', she said.
>
> I recalled the report we had on this woman's activities as mistress of a half-dozen thugs and murderers, most of them crawling with disease, and I was so repelled I could scarcely control myself.

Poor Mr Danforth! He may be a brilliant investigator, but against the forces of stylistic corruption he doesn't stand a chance. Once the wicked ghost has transformed him into the Wyatt Earp of Lower Manhattan, the dull glaze of conventional heroics settles over everything.

Not that that really matters. Mr Danforth's memoirs are not intended to show what a special investigator is like. They belong instead to the literature of exposure. His theme is not justice or crime; it is corruption. And he has found it everywhere. In Harlem he investigated drugs and child-prostitution; midtown, on the East Side, were the wealthy queers; on the West Side were gangsters, pick-ups and pimps; on Wall Street, swindlers and embezzlers; on the docks, murder and extortion; in high places, influence, blackmail and con-men; in politics and labour unions, everything from simple 'pressure' to gang massacres; and everywhere, in prisons, police stations, reformatories, boxing rings, even on basket-ball courts, was bribery. Mr Danforth has an expert nose for the sweet smell of corruption.

This in itself is depressing enough. But the book is made positively distasteful not by the facts it presents but by its manner. It panders whole-heartedly to the mystique of corruption, which is a kind of dirty parallel to the mystique of power and the self-made man. The American journalists have made corruption into a democratic equaliser, bringing down the respected, the successful and the hoodlums to the level of opportunism. When, for instance, a government notable was exposed last year, the public reaction was to be less indignant than greedily fascinated. It became a matter of personalities not of politics. I suppose Mr Danforth and ghost can't be blamed for following the popular fashion; after all, even that intelligent magazine *The Reporter* once ran a series of articles on the much-investigated Jimmy Hoffa which were written in a style of goggle-eyed admiration, like a boy's adventure story. So it is no wonder that Mr Danforth's book succeeds in glorifying the crooks as much as it exposes them. It would be a less depressing performance if it weren't true.

Mr Robert Traver's *Small Town D.A.* is a good antidote. Mercifully, he was 'strictly small time'. And even if he hadn't been, 14 successful years as a D.A. in upper Michigan would have left him with little taste for sensationalism. A prosecutor who lost only one felony case in 10 years can afford not to put on heroics. He may have his fair share of crime to report, but he is more interested in the people.

His humanism is not equally successful. At times the jokes fall flat, the 'risky' bits are often coy and the long stretches of dialect tiresome. So is his rather cute, more-humane-than-thou style. He is at his best when least impressed with the justice of the law; when criticising the conditions in the State Penitentiary, or describing two trials in which the defendants were guilty but too pathetic to give him any satisfaction in convicting them. It is a pleasure to find a D.A. from a tough area writing as though law and crime had a reality and importance beyond the scope of the sensational Hollywood thrillers.

A. ALVAREZ

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Buff-grey Brick

New University. By JACK SIMMONS. *Leicester University Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The University College of Leicester began its existence with nine students at 10 o'clock on Tuesday, 4 October 1921; on 1 May 1957 the Charter creating the University of Leicester was sealed, by which time there were over 800 full-time students and plans fo. oubling that number. Among its products one already notes the names of Sir Charles Snow and Dr J. H. Plumb. Inevitably this work of pious commemoration by Professor Simmons is not without its inert passages of the 'those who were present will long remember the occasion for the kind cordiality of the Lord Mayor and the Corporation' variety, but all the same this is a piece of social history which is both important and absorbing.

The story of the rise in Leicester's academic fortunes is set within a summary, but serviceable and well-written, account of the development of the other 'provincial' universities. As such it entertainingly illustrates the hectic but often inspired improvisations of English private enterprise before the merciful intervention of the sober-sided but providential University Grants Committee rescued the situation in the fullness of time. For instance, one learns that not one, but two Universities (Liverpool and Leicester) have their architectural origins in disused lunatic asylums; that Reading started without any endowment at all and with no guaranteed income; and that the very shaky finances of Leicester were temporarily stabilised by what must have been one of the greatest bazaars even of the Twenties. Opened by Lady Diana Cooper, the attractions included the band of the Seaforth Highlanders, a ballet by Liza Lehmann entitled 'Fairies at the Bottom of My Garden', 'living statuary, arranged by Mr Frank Brown, every evening' and a *thé dansant* 'to the strains of the Bacchanalian Amateur Orchestra'. It netted £15,237 11s. 6d.

But despite birth-pangs of this violence, Leicester's brain-child grew rapidly in wisdom and stature, and within three years it had produced its first London external graduates – second in History and BA(Gen) – to say nothing of a production of the *Trojan Women*, 'well received by a kindly, though not uncritical, press'. Slowly the necessary nourishment was forthcoming as the city fathers of 'Radical' Leicester enhanced their contribution from a farthing to a halfpenny rate. An awkward corner was turned when a newly appointed Principal accepted the post verbally but failed to confirm in writing, for mysterious reasons not wholly divulged. The insidious embraces of neighbouring and rival Nottingham were sternly resisted through the abandonment of a plan for a federal University of the East Midlands. And then, finally, in 1945, a fairy godmother in the person of Sir Walter Moberly, as Chairman of the UGC, waved the wand of an Exchequer grant which enabled Leicester to play its part in the post-war expansion of University education by increasing its student body ninefold in the next eight years and providing residential accommodation for more than half of it.

In a sense the real heroine of the story is the foster-mother of Leicester University and of so many others, London University, and it seems a defect in Professor Simmons's otherwise well-balanced first chapter that his account of the Gower Street revolution in education is rather cursory.

T. E. B. HOWARTH

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Old Harrovian

The Feathers of Death. By SIMON RAVEN. *Blond.* 15*s.*

Here's a nasty one. Here, if you dare imagine it, is the worst sort of old Harrovian put down on paper. And if I thought for a week, I couldn't say nastier than that.

But fair's fair. I must grudgingly admit that if you can plough through the first 130 pages, most of which are irrelevant, you will then be drawn into Mr Raven's horrible world. As you lay down his book, you will bow in admiration to the clarity of his characterisation, the simplicity of his prose and the design of his plot. I greatly fear that he is a writer with a future, and I only hope I can discourage him.

His story is of a homosexual love affair (here we go again) between a god-like subaltern and an earth-child drummer. It is set against a background of peace-time soldiering in a troublesome colony where the regiment (which is neither cavalry nor infantry) is involved in some wog-suppression. It reaches an excellent climax in a sharp action against the natives, and the description of this battle (told mainly through one of the NCOs) is masterly. There is no question at all that Mr Raven knows all the details of this sort of action and of other aspects of peace-time soldiering. There is also no question at all that he manages to present us with a totally false picture of British officers and men. A spell in the army and a spell in the classical sixth have produced not, as we might hope, a certain maturity of view, but an ugly case of astigmatism. Superimposed upon much closely observed detail is a sort of grand neo-classical dream in which men are brave, arrogant, rich, 'civilised' (in the sense that they can quote poetry and talk endlessly about their food and wine) and ambidextrous. That there may be a group of subalterns as bloody as his, I do not deny, but that the narrator (a captain) and the Hero-Colonel should not only tolerate but encourage their arrogance is tosh. Colonel Sanvoisin, by the way, who is set up as the criterion, is in fact the nigger in the woodpile. If you trouble to trace his speeches throughout the book, you will see at once that he is a dream figure. And when you set him against Sergeant Royd (an inner, if not a bull, of characterisation) you will sense this astigmatism.

Dismissing all the intolerable and repetitive table-talk (and looking back on his first novel it is this stuff, not the sodomy, that will, I hope, turn Mr Raven into a pillar of salt), I'd take issue with him on the behaviour of his troops. I confess that I have never known a case of a subaltern spending noisy nights in a tent with a private soldier, within spitting distance of the rest of the men. But if this did happen, and of course it is possible, I cannot believe that the men would accept it as calmly as Lieutenant Alastair Lynch's do. British privates, ratings, labourers, Teddy boys, constituents, even British Guardsmen don't go on like this. A spell in gaol (I hope) for triple snobbery (intellectual, social and military) will demonstrate that to Mr Raven, but if he's left at large I'd recommend him to re-read Behan's *The Quare Fellow*, Act 1. This is in Irish, I confess, but I think it measures more closely the likely reaction of West Country men than any similar reference in Greek with which he could doubtless confound me.

During the court-martial of Alastair Lynch, which forms the last section of the book, there are more brilliant moments, and at one point the hero almost changes from young god to young man. We can nearly put a face to him. It is more the pity, therefore, that Mr Raven undoes his good in the last few pages by a single act (in itself too melodramatic for any heterosexual story) which serves to make his hero god again. It is his novel that he stabs in the back.

JAMES KENNAWAY

Other New Novels

Make My Bed. By NATHANIEL BURT. *Gollancz.* 15*s.*

The Best of Everything. By RONA JAFFE. *Cape.* 16*s.*

The Common Touch. By KATHLEEN FARRELL. *Macmillan.* 15*s.*

The Little Difference. By P. B. ABERCROMBIE. *Gollancz.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Time and Money. By AUSTIN STEVENS. *Cape.* 16*s.*

Cone of Silence. By DAVID BEATY. *Secker & Warburg.* 16*s.*

Not having read Nathaniel Burt's much praised first novel, I get the impression that *Make My Bed* may be not only one of those creditable clearances of the difficult second fence but a successful new departure. It is a pleasant, highly civilised little comedy, told by a music don at one of those American Eastern universities that surprise you by being almost more Cambridge than Cambridge, about his young sister-in-law, Prue, who cannot make up her mind between two swains. The expedient of an academic narrator for so slight and frilly a story could lead to a whimsy-trap, but the writing is easily colloquial with the style-models carefully assimilated. The two young men, Butch,

the serious music student, and Horace, the preposterous hysterical campus Adonis, always just that much more interesting and surprising than you expect, are both characters groomed to pass the Forsterian roundness test. The background of university and family life, with everybody being so carefully unvulgar but informal, is nicely done.

Once, when somebody is giving an imitation of him reciting, you half expect Dylan Thomas to appear in person and break up the party. It may be a bit formless and rather long for its story, which is apt to fade, but just how genuinely lively it is you can tell at once if you test it against a phoney like *The Best of Everything*. This is a first novel, already a big seller over there with film-rights bought, about the love-lives of New York business girls. At first you hope it may be going to eschew the false glamour of the women's mags for which half the characters work; but though Barbara, Caroline, April, and Gregg, unlike the chaste heroines of the fiction they edit, go to bed with their lovers, they do it in copywriter's prose to the accompaniment of endless cosmetic ritual. Even at the abortionist's they remain 'gift-wrapped' zombies. Miss Jaffe has made her debut with the tired business man's book of the month.

Miss Farrell is a proper novelist, non-obvious and subtle, interested in character. In *The Common Touch* she tells a slight if not exactly simple story so that it knits her cast together and reveals unexpected depths at different levels. Marianne, a sad, intelligent, rather foxy young woman, is travelling in Switzerland as companion to an odd elderly couple: Lucy, seemingly prim, and Arnold, her brother, a fuss-pot valetudinarian. She has a furtive affair with a scruffy kind of Swiss guide person. In the process of concealing it from Lucy and half hinting at it to Arnold she finds out a surprising amount about them and their past. Something seems just to prevent this book from being one of those minor masterpieces. I do not think it is the absence of that air of pellucidity, which a more cunning, less sincere writer might easily have contrived, so much as a certain lack of imaginative power. Nobody quite grows on you.

The Little Difference is nearly but not quite all comedy, one of those funny thoughtfuls. It is about the adventures of a sparkish girl named Vivian Mudge. She goes to teach at a crank school run by the Misses Gallion, vegetarians and anti-jazz, and brightens everybody up including herself with a love-affair. It oscillates between farce and straight novel in a way that reminds you a little of *Lucky Jim*. It is quite amusing, and intelligent, but a bit overwritten and unsure of itself, due perhaps to the difficulty inherent in a picaresque heroine.

The next two books are both to some extent exercises in technical realism. *Time and Money* is about a mining company which is run by a breezy unconventional brigadier, son-in-law of the elderly, half-retired chairman whose come-back in the middle of a tricky share-issue provides the plot. Most of the action is seen through the eyes of a nice secretary. Mr Stevens is a capable writer who knows his limitations. He gives you the correct contemporary atmosphere and you never feel you have got lost with Philip Gibbs in the early Twenties. If only more novelists were qualified to tackle the City. . . .

Mr Beaty's documentary romances of modern commercial flying are very efficient and readable; they make you want to travel by train and sell airlines short. *Cone of Silence* concerns the vindication, posthumous of course, of an experienced pilot who crashes in special tropical conditions because he sticks too literally to the instructions in the designer's Book. For relaxation there is a willing air-hostess with scent strong as Flit.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

Into the Jungle

Longhouse and Jungle. By GUY ARNOLD. *Chatto & Windus.* 21*s.*

We Dared the Andes. By GUSTAF BOLINDER. Translated by ELSA KRUUSE. *Abelard-Schuman.* 21*s.*

Behind the Lianas. By HENRY LARSEN and MAY PELLATON. Translated by A. and G. REID. *Oliver & Boyd.* 18*s.*

It is a pity that these books are so badly written. Their authors have something to say to us, if only they knew how to say it. Mr Guy Arnold led a small expedition to the interior of Sarawak, Dr Bolinder made the first crossing of the Andes between Columbia and Venezuela. They both had to travel through very difficult country without adequate maps in conditions of great discomfort and some danger, yet any pressing sense of this is missing from their books. Mr Arnold's manner is cool:

> A large Coronation picture of the Queen hung on one wall, not far from a cluster of blackened old skulls draped with cobwebs, a reminder of the grim practices of not so long ago.

He tells us everything about the logistics of his expedition, but when he writes about the natives there is a caginess surprising in an anthropologist. The people who interested him most were the Penans, a nomadic tribe as primitive as any in the world. They are despised by their neighbours; they live in leaf huts, are wretchedly superstitious, suffer from melancholia, and are easily cheated; their cuisine consists mainly of 42 ways of preparing sago. On the other hand they are generous, kind, artistic and independent, and their mastery of junglecraft is wonderful. Dr Bolinder's Columbian Indians are a much less attractive crowd; touchy, furiously jealous, and given to orgies of violence when drunk. The Doctor himself sounds an interesting man, not at all vainglorious as the title of his book would suggest, but unfortunately he is a terribly dull writer, and one's appreciation of his great achievement is fatally blunted.

M. Larsen and Mlle Pellaton went into the jungles in the hinterland of French Guiana, but their book begins with a fascinating account of the old convict settlements along the coast: horrible Cayenne where the freed prisoners fight in the bars and the Prefect keeps crocodiles in his garden; the Iles du Salut; Saint-Laurent with its beggars and vultures, where the last of the executioners lives alone in a shack surrounded by the *libérés*, a man to whom nobody speaks. A story is told of the sharks of the Ile du Diable, now abandoned:

> It is said that even now, having grown accustomed to recognising the sound of the penitentiary bell as a signal of a convict's burial at sea, they will rise to the surface when a bell is rung.

M. Larsen collects animals for museums, and in Guiana he specialised in the grotesques. *Behind the Lianas* has some splendid photographs of his armadillos, ant-eaters and sloths. It appears that the metabolism of the sloth is uniquely sluggish, and there is a thrilling description here of its love-making which proceeds more slowly than that of any other creature. Of course M. Larsen's work could not have been done without the help of the Negroes and Indians who live in the jungle, and he writes about these people generously and unsentimentally. The Negroes of Guiana are remarkable in that they consist largely of reconstituted African tribes who have held on to their origins to

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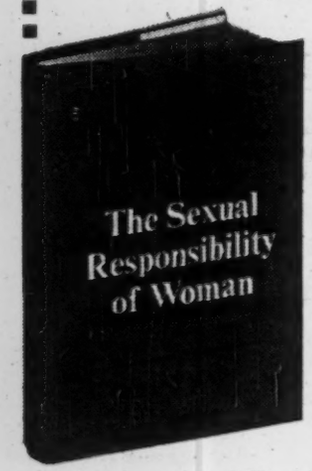

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a great extent. Some of M. Larsen's portraits are memorable. There is Mr Zidor, whose sole possession was a lemon tree: he would never eat the meat of an animal with a spotted coat, in case he should contract leprosy. There is the old washerwoman Cleopatra with her tales of the bush-devil Maskilili whose feet are turned back to front so that if you try to follow him you are bound to go the wrong way.

However absurd the superstitions, they have the true African exuberance: the Indians are not like that. M. Larsen feels for this strange, neurotic, overbred people, with their gentleness and their great powers of imagination. He writes at length of his friendship with the boatman Barcarell, whose invariable gravity he finds typical: 'rooted in a temperamental sadness, in a chronic anxiety and nostalgia'. After all, these are the heirs of Cuzco. M. Larsen is struck above all by their extraordinary integrity of race which survived the Conquistadors and has survived everything since.

M. Larsen plays down the hazards of jungle travel, but they seem bad enough. There is the unstopping rain, the streams in spate, bridges that collapse, capsizing canoes. There are the leeches, the snakes, spiders, scorpions and giant ants. On her first night in the interior Mlle Pellaton had her blood sucked by a vampire bat while jaguars paced about the house. Living in similar conditions, it was not much better for Dr Bolinder and Mr Arnold. Why did they go then? Unfortunately they do not know. Mr Arnold believes it was the thrill of being 'the first person ever to stand on a particular patch of earth'; for the Doctor it was 'the fascination of journeying into the unknown'; more plausibly, M. Larsen was realising a dream 'of living in intimate contact with men who have remained close to nature'. One feels that there must lie beneath these lame answers a deeper compulsion that would redeem their journeys from futility.

PETER DUVAL SMITH

Exploitation with a Clear Conscience

Bankers and Pashas. By DAVID S. LANDES. *Heinemann.* 30*s.*

It is said that when Mr Ernest Bevin visited Egypt on his way back from the Colombo Conference, he electrified the pashas by talking of the fellahin, and not of the Suez Canal. Never before had they met such a western animal. Other breeds they knew well: soldiers who had occupied them, pro-consuls who had bullied them, advisers who had set them to rights, financiers who had fleeced them. This book describes the fourth species, which is the one least familiar to European readers.

In 1863, when Ismail, later Khedive, first became Viceroy, Egypt was prosperous. A decade later, it was bankrupt. The perpetrators of this collapse were a ruler of Albanian stock, a tiny number of pashas and a greater one of competing European speculators; its victims were the Egyptian people. Ismail's undoing was the coincidence in the early Sixties of two factors—the cotton famine consequent on the American civil war, and a bull market in London and Paris that produced a wave of confidence, and of credit proffered by people getting rich at home and wanting to get rich quicker abroad.

Professor Landes is an economic historian steeped in European banking and financial operations of the nineteenth century. His book is a gold-mine of references that point towards almost uncharted territory, such as the history of Rothschilds or Lazards. During his researches into the ramifications of private banking, he unearthed in the vaults of the Bank of France, the correspondence that serves as a thread for his story and converts it from a learned work into a human document of a most readable kind. The letters run between one Dervieu—a promoter only on the fringes of the French banking élite, but intimate with Ismail—and Monsieur André, a cautious Huguenot belonging to the cream of the *Haute Banque*, whom Dervieu almost, but not quite, induced to burn his fingers in Egypt before the cotton boom collapsed, the crashes occurred and the bank rate in London went up to 10 per cent. In the end: 'What a suit we would press if he were not the Viceroy'. André withdrew in time; Dervieu, though accounted a failure, got out with five million francs which, used and re-used, kept him in comfort until 1905.

The story is written with such gusto that, at times, it reads as if Professor Landes had lost all his New England scruples in the excitement of following the chase through the maze of notes and bills and bonds and overdrafts. But he has not forgotten the fellahin. A short, interesting conclusion pinpoints the moral of his story. Damage almost beyond repair was done to European relationships with Egypt by that combination of 'matter of fact and apparently unprincipled exploitation with clear untroubled consciences'. Nor can one smugly write this off as Victorian; it recurred in the Suez crisis to confirm the Egyptian belief that the westerner does not change much from generation to generation.

ELIZABETH MONROE

Week-end Competition

No. 1,510 **Set by Lunatic**

The usual prizes are offered for an extract (limit 150 words) from Baedeker's forthcoming *Moon.* Entries by 10 February.

Result of No. 1,507 **Set by Hilbrian**

The usual prizes are offered for a more up-to-date verse (limit 12 lines) for Shakespeare's 'When icicles hang by the wall'.

Report

In spite of Lorna Davis's rebuke—
And less impertinent of me 'twould be
To start face-lifting Breughel after tea,

a large entry produced some very effective variations on Shakespeare's winter theme.

When icicles hang on too long
Down the cold chins of diplomats

began Leo Spero's amusing verse, while good single lines that caught the eye included:

And Schedule A comes through the mail (Greasy Joan)
And Mum comes frozen home from sales (W. Parkinson)
And panto's on the boards again (Martin Hollis)
While hopeful Dick permutes his pools (Eddie C.)

Rejecting a rumbustious Rugger verse from R. A. Peacock and the many too similar entries which ended up with TV watching and pot washing, I feel that an equal division of the prize money between the authors of the verses printed does justice to their merits. On their heels came Barbara Roe, Gloria Prince, Leonard Brown, Allan M. Laing, Alberick, H. A. C. Evans and Rhoda Tuck Pook.

When thermostats are set at 'high',
And draughts dispel the warmth inside,
And ill-lagged water pipes run dry,
And cars on glassy tarmac glide,
When season-ticket holders walk,
Then men exchange disgruntled talk:
'To hell with it!' they shout, and take
This heaven-sent chance to belly-ache.

When smog clings round in acrid palls,
And queues freeze on to theatre stools,
And snow on football pitches falls,
And pools-promoters cancel pools,
When season-ticket holders . . .

D. L. L. CLARKE

When coughing drowns the crooner's wail,
And tax-inspectors blow their tops,
And draughts and overdrafts prevail
And sales are on in all the shops;
When unpaid tradesmen fume and fuss,
And longer grows the freezing queue
While fog delays the tardy bus
Like Pekoe's licence overdue,
Then cold-resisting CHILLIMEE
Is nightly praised on ITV,
'Drink up, drink up! A dose a day
'Helps Jack and Jill at work and play.'

NANCY GUNTER

When gas is low and power cut
And summer's coal proves three-parts stone,
When cars skid, crabwise, to the rut
And ceaseless churrs the plumber's 'phone,
When cough-loud trains on signals wait
While those who will not change sit fast,
Till Ulysses with cautious gait,
Fog-blind, ice-shod, wins home at last—
Ah then! in smog, snow, hail or wet,
Still nerveless fingers tune each set.
Forecast! Forecast! Oh, word of fear,
Thrice dreadful in a chilblain'd ear.

T. R. JOHNSON

When cities are blacked out with smog,
And frozen food will not defrost,
When schools serve steaming spotted dog,
And climbers in Glen Doll get lost,
When traffic does the cats' eyes crawl,
And hods are filled four times a day,
When draughts go screaming through the hall,
(Who saw the summer anyway?)
When car doors jam as in a vice,
Then tempers snap like brittle ice:
'Oh hell!'
'Oh blast! Oh hell!' these heartfelt cries
We hear as each self-starter dies.

JOAN ACKNER

When bicycles stand in the hall
And macs hang dripping from the peg,
And Mother nabs the only shawl
And Gwen (the daily) gets 'her leg',
When toes are numb'd and tempers torn
Then gaily sounds the hunting-horn:
Halloo!
Halloo!—a ghastly din,
While Nanny sneaks the Master's gin.

PAMELA SINCLAIR

When fog and cold combine to kill
And trains run late and cars are stranded,
And surgeries with fractures fill,
And fish is dear since less is landed,
'O quick! A stick!' our Janey shouts.
'The sheep are in the Brussels sprouts!'

When rich and great make tracks for Spain,
Or some West Indian island choose
Or warm Morocco see again
Or take a thousand-guinea cruise,
'O quick! A stick!' our Janey shouts.
'The sheep are in the Brussels sprouts!'

W. PARSONS

CITY LIGHTS: *Taurus is on holiday and will resume his column next week.*

The Chess Board

No. 481. The Lesson of Hastings

It's not the first nor, I fear, the last of such lessons: if we really want our young players to have a fair chance of standing up to the fierce competition of nearly sixty grandmasters (just about 80% of them from countries East of the Elbe), we must either give them similar opportunities or stop moaning about their inevitable inferiority. When I happened to pass through Dresden the other day I spent an hour watching about a dozen chess players, young Uhlmann among them, assiduously engaged in playing consultation games or analysing this or that opening variation or endgame. It was one of their regular 'training evenings', held twice a week and strictly supervised by Herr Otto (who came along to Hastings at their government's expense to look after young Uhlmann). He is one of about a dozen full-time trainers employed in various centres of the still fairly incipient chess organisation of the DDR; a good deal more has been (and is being) done in the other Eastern countries, to say nothing of the USSR where the number of meticulously organised chess players runs into millions. As for young Uhlmann, he has a job as an accountant, but he is given every possible opportunity for meeting foreign grandmasters (a match with Pachmann being now in the offing), and he gets paid leave for every chess event, big or small, local or international. No wonder he could come to Hastings like a perfectly trained race-horse; no wonder he did so well. Here—White against Clarke—is his most interesting ending of the tournament: /4b3/1p3q1k/p2P3p/4Q1p1/1PP1pp2/7P/1B3PP1/6K1/.

(36 . . . B-B3; (37) P-Kt5, P x P; (38) P x P, B-Q2; (39) Q x P, ch, B-B4; (40) Q-K5, K-Kt3; (41) K-R2, B-Q2; (42) B-Q4, B-K3; (43) B-B3, B-Q2; (44) P-Kt6, B-B3; (45) P-B3, B-Q2; (46) B-Q4, B-B3; (47) P-R4, B-Q2; (48) B-B3, B-B3; (49) B-Q2, B-Q2; (50) Q-K4 ch, B-B4; (51) Q-Q4, B-Q2; (52) K-Kt1, Q-K3; (53) K-R2, Q-B2; (54) Q-R8, Q-K1; (55) Q-B3, Q-QB1; (56) Q-Q3 ch, B-B4; (57) Q-Q5!, Q-Q2 [That was Clarke's sealed move, and now (not without some assiduous homework) Uhlmann had a forced win]; (58) Q-Kt8 ch, K-R4; (59) P x P, P x P; (60) P-Kt4 ch, P x P e.p. ch; (61) K-Kt1, B-Kt3; (62) K-Kt2, K-R3; (63) Q-R8 ch, B-R2; (64) Q-B6 ch, B-Kt3; (65) Q x P ch, resigns.

In Darga-Dückstein—/2r5/6pk/p3kt2p/8/2P1q2P/4Kt1P1/1B1Q1P1K/8/—White sealed (41) Q-Q5, and instead of going for the Q-swop and a probably won, if difficult, ending, Dückstein played . . . Kt-B4, and after (42) Q-B7 blundered into an amazingly quick loss by . . . Kt-K3; (43) Kt-Q5, K-R1; (44) Kt-K7!, Q x BP; (45) Q-R5!, and there's no defence. Darga told me that he would have countered (44) . . . R-QKt1 by B-K5. More about Hastings next week.

The 4-pointer for beginners (**A**) is a game position achieved by Hastings competitor Ernö Gereben (White) at Budapest, 1952: /r1b1rqk1/5p2/5Pp1/ppp1B1Q1/4P1P3R/P5PP/5RK1/. How did he force the win quite elegantly? **B**, a draw, and **C**, a win, should be not too difficult, I hope, for 6 and 7 ladder-points. Usual prizes. Entries by 9 February.

B: Leonid Kubbel 1926

C: H. Mattison 1914

REPORT on No. 478. Set 10 January.

A: (1) . . . PxP!; (2) QxR, Kt-Kt3 etc.
B: (1) P-Kt7, P-Kt7; (2) B-Q6 ch, K-B3; (3) B-R2, P=Q ch; (4) BxQ, B-K4; (5) B-Q4 etc.
C: (1) B-K5, BxB; (2) KxP, K-B4; (3) B-B6, P-Kt7; (4) B-R4, P=Q; (5) B-B2 ch etc.
or (1) . . . P-Q5; (2) BxP, BxB; (3) K-Q5, P-Kt7; (4) KxB, P=Q; (5) B-K4 ch etc.

Dozens of correct solutions. Prizes: Gerald Abrahams, C. Aykroyd (a new Canadian competitor), S. N. Collings, J. P. Ford, M. P. Furmston, J. Mitchell. While I am abroad in February, entries to be forwarded in time must reach the office by Monday afternoon.

ASSIAC

COMPANY MEETING

NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK LIMITED

MR D. J. ROBARTS ON MEETING PRIVATE BORROWERS' NEEDS

The 126th annual general meeting of National Provincial Bank Limited will be held on 19 February in London.

The following is an extract from the circulated statement of the Chairman (Mr D. J. Robarts):

The Profit and Loss Account shows a net profit for the year of £2,236,426, compared with £2,061,966 for 1957. Together with the amount brought in of £628,729 there is a balance for disposal of £2,865,155. An interim dividend of 9 per cent has been paid, taking £544,056, leaving available £2,321,099.

It is proposed to pay a final dividend of 11 per cent., and to appropriate £1,000,000 to Contingencies Account, leaving £656,142 to be carried forward. The proposed final dividend of 11 per cent. makes, with the interim dividend of 9 per cent. paid in July last, a total dividend of 20 per cent. in respect of the year 1958.

North Central Wagon & Finance Company Limited

In July last the Chancellor felt able to relax the credit squeeze and to modify or abolish many of the financial restrictions then existing. This made possible the entry of the National Provincial Bank into the hire-purchase finance business—a development of major importance in the history of the Bank.

There seems no doubt that the financing of hire purchase will continue to expand and will form an increasingly important part of the credit system of this country, provided that the companies engaged in it continue to be managed with prudence. A bank such as ours can make a useful contribution to a hire-purchase finance company, both by way of financial support and by the introduction of customers of the bank who require hire-purchase facilities.

We decided that, hire purchase and banking being in many ways different, they should be kept separate from each other and therefore that a hire-purchase finance company operating as a subsidiary of the Bank but under its own established and proved management was the best arrangement. We were fortunate indeed in being able to acquire by purchase for cash the ordinary share capital of the North Central Wagon & Finance Company Limited. The National Provincial Bank has been the sole banker to North Central since the formation of the latter company nearly 100 years ago. We look forward to working in the closest co-operation with North Central and to the steady progress of our investment in that company.

Personal Loans

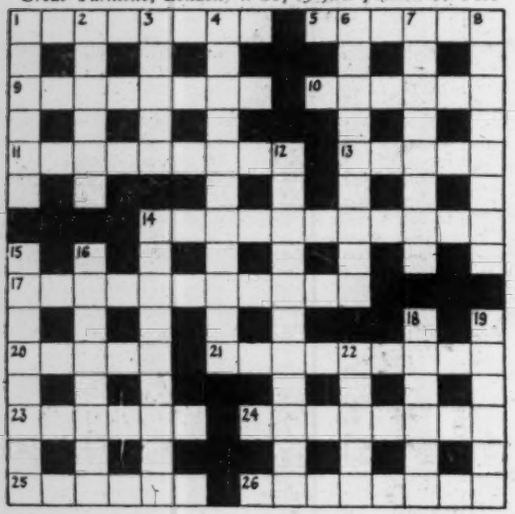
With the ending of the credit squeeze last July, the matter of 'Personal Loans' came into prominence. Such loans, being in the private sector of the banks' lendings, had been severely pruned at the request of the authorities over the years when the credit squeeze was in operation. When it became possible to adopt a more liberal lending policy, the banks were naturally anxious once again to meet the legitimate needs of their private customers. Your Directors decided that the existing system of the National Provincial Bank, which could now be used with greater freedom, would best meet the needs of the new situation. Every Branch Manager in the Bank has a discretionary power which enables him to make loans to his customers on his own judgment and within this discretion. In general, the level of this discretionary power will enable him to meet the normal requirements of most of his private customers—above that level, reference to Head Office is necessary and arrangements are such that a prompt reply is forthcoming. Since last July it has been possible for this system to function in the manner for which it was designed, and our Managers have been, and are, able once again to grant loans on proper banking lines and at normal banking rates of interest to their private customers.

After a detailed review of the business and economic scene, Mr D. J. Robarts concluded:

To sum up: 1958 may fairly be regarded as the year in which world confidence in the United Kingdom was restored. Sterling recovered from a position of weakness to one of strength. Given a reasonable level of world trade, there is no reason why 1959 should not see further substantial progress. When we look back upon the enormous achievements of the post-war years, built as they were upon small financial foundations, we can surely look forward to great developments for this country in the years ahead, provided always that the Government maintain a sound financial policy.

Week-end Crossword 340

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 340, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 10 Feb.



ACROSS

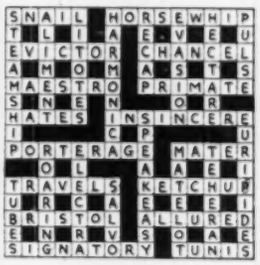
1. Moisture shows an inclination for irises (8).
5. Rise as a smell (6).
9. A large number go into the dynasty for dress (8).
10. The state of relatives without an article (6).
11. Vessels turn back with annoyance for port (9).
13. The chosen or the end of one (5).
14. Organised a spring in the river for the ingenuous (11).
17. Vital rock for a missionary (11).
20. 'The land of scholars, and the —— of arms' (Goldsmith) (5).
21. Theatrical entrance of the old love in the beginning of the tale (9).
23. It is strange to give a quotation about an animal backwards (6).
24. Back it and wager the answer is an oriental people (8).
25. Dog who may follow a bone (6).
26. Embraces Uncle Sid perhaps (8).

DOWN

1. Reconstruct from scattered traces (6).
2. Is nothing to obstruct the sign of pressure (6).
3. A drink produces a cry of pain in the airline (5).
4. They provide one with drink and give one success, for example, with the girls (11).
6. When there is no means of checking an overworked friend (9).
7. The candidate discovers a danger to shipping in a river (8).
8. An effort is made about one garment for the disguise (8).
12. In reconstruction everything else takes precedence over speech (11).
14. Fruit mainly of wrath in a can (9).
15. Part of Europe where a serf in revolution holds the soil (8).
16. Potentially to cover a garment (8).
18. Weak fellow who keeps company with a youngster who is dependent on him (6).
19. Uses force when the West is inactive (6).
22. Place which makes the East healthy (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 338



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 338

J. Riley (London SE12)
Miss B. Brewster (Weobley)
R. B. MacWilliams (Harworth)

PERSONAL

ENGLISH Couple wishing to live in Spain, would like to meet interested party with a view to hotel management there. Reply (Newsagent), 44 Harnaff Lane W., Coventry, Warwickshire.

CITY executive wide knowledge aviation and travel business (also considerable political and trade union experience) seeks additional income about £500 p.a. Available many evgs, most week-ends. Offers and/or suggestions please, all will be ansd. Box 5670.

LAW student, 21, woman, with French, German and Spanish requires remunerative vacation work June-July. Anything considered, exchange references. Box 5424.

M.23, BA, sks situation (any) enabling live, 3-4 hrs. work a day. Box 5723.

JOURNALIST, 26, wants to make up party for trip to Athens. Box 5631.

YOUNG couple, musicians, wish contact person wanting to find temp. home for baby grand piano. R. Taylor: HAM. 2435.

FINNISH girl sks. work as maid with family to improve her English. Replies: O. Vuokko, The Post Office, Harefield, Middx.

DORMOBILE and driver for hire 19 March/8 April, anywhere Europe. Suggest Easter in Prague. Box 5625.

IMPECUNIOUS schoolmaster wants any employment, anywhere on the Cont. or America. Mod. French, can drive. Box 5873.

YOUNG lady required to act as companion to lady convalescing. Five-day week only. No housework. Surbiton area. Box 5663.

FRENCH-speaking couple (writers) require girl anxious to improve French to help with boy (2) and live in Kensington home. Box 5903.

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JOURNALIST writes speeches, reports, articles, etc. Write Box 6993.

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GERMAN, fully qualified lady teacher has two vacancies for pupils who really wish to study. Box 5584.

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GERMAN lessons, language/literature, all levels. Native teachers. Social activities with German students. Ashley College, Tel. GER. 8782.

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ORIGINAL Paintings at less than reproduction prices. 500 works by the best English masters of the last 150 years at prices from 10s. to £10. Please write for lists from Holder, 73 Castelnau, SW13.

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HOMOSEXUALS can still be given sentences of up to life imprisonment for acts committed by consenting adults in private. If you think that the law should be changed, write to: – The Secretary, The Homosexual Law Reform Society, Rooms 27-29, 32 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W1.

PRINTING with Personality – at Country prices. The Priory Press, Malvern.

NOW is the Time. . . . We would like to remind our clients to let us start planning their 1959 'En Famille' holidays really early, while we can still offer the widest choice of Host-Families. 'Get to know the people of the country you visit by staying with them in their homes.' Write for illustrated Brochure to: EFA, 1 New Burlington St, Regent St, London, W1. REGent 8866.

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A WORTHWHILE holiday. Responsible men and women with hostelling experience required to lead hostelling tours for young people – walking, cycling and other activities – in the United Kingdom, summer, 1959. Details from: Home Tours Dept (L), Youth Hostels Association, Trevelyan House, St Albans, Herts.

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SE comprendre c'est la paix. The Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1, Holland Street, W8, and now also at Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Rd, W8, for conversation and tuition in foreign languages. Continental Snack Bar SLO. 9595.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St, WC1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

CHINA. Speakers. Accounts of communes; economic, educational, cultural developments by several recently returned after 8-10 months' stay. Organisations invited to apply to Arts & Sciences Committee, Britain-China Friendship Assocn, 228 Gray's Inn Rd, WC1.

JOSEPH Hewlett, psychologist, remedial reading coaching. SW3. Box 5900.

PLANNED Family Requisites. List s.a.e. Surgical Stores, 10a Dartmouth Rd, SE23.

PLANNED Families Booklet free. Write Court Surgical Stores, Ltd., 12 Marriotts Court, Manchester 2, for our price list of our Surgical goods.

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HUMANISM, a modern outlook. Write to Ethical Un, 13 Prince of Wales Tce, W8.

QUESTORS Theatre, Mattock Lane, Ealing, welcomes new members. All members invited to help in running theatre. Next prod. 'Marching Song' (Whiting). EAL. 5184.

BRAZIERS, Ipsden, Oxon: 20 Feb., 'Languages – German & Russian'; 27 Feb., Destiny of Man. 6 Mar. On Adult Education.

CONWAY Hall. Available for Meetings, Concerts, Priv. Theatricals; capacity 500. Dances 250. Excellent acoustics for recordings. Also small Hall & Committee Rooms. Apply: Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1.

INTERPRET for foreign holidays. 3 LP records & 2 books. Only £3 10s. post-free. French, Spanish, Italian & German. Free trial. No deposit. Visaphone Company (Dept NS), 10 Bayley Street, WC1. MUS. 7223.

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cost 6s. per line (average six words) minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Semi-display giving greater prominence 90s. per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post can normally be inserted same week.

N.S., Great Turnstile, London, WC1 Telephone HOLborn 8471

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL
CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

Applications are invited for appointment to the position of CHIEF INSPECTOR in the Children's Department. This is a new appointment and the selected candidate will be required:—

(i) To advise the Children's Officer on the professional aspects of child care work throughout the department, with particular reference to family casework and the care of children in foster homes and in residential establishments.

(ii) To co-ordinate and direct the work of four Inspectors of Child Care who carry out the more detailed aspects of the duties outlined above within certain prescribed limits.

Candidates should have high professional qualifications as well as wide experience in child care, preferably in a senior position, within a large organisation comparable to the Council.

(Applications submitted in response to the earlier advertisement will be reconsidered: no fresh application is necessary).

Salary £1,422-£1,705. Application forms from Children's Officer (CH/E1/131), The County Hall, London, SE1, returnable by 21 February 1959.

THE ELECTRICITY COUNCIL
ASSISTANT TUTOR - HORSLEY TOWERS

The Electricity Council invite applications for the superannuable appointment of Assistant Tutor at their Residential Training Establishment, Horsley Towers, Surrey. This Centre provides short courses in industrial relations, management and supervisory training and technical subjects for employees of the Electricity Supply Industry. Applicants will be required to lecture on aspects of industrial and human relations, including organisation, supervisory functions and communications, and should have had experience of contemporary instructional techniques, such as case studies, projects, syndicate working and group discussions. They should have educational qualifications appropriate to this work. Salary within NJC Grade 8 £1,185 – £1,305 p.a. Residential accommodation, for which a charge will be made, available for single man. Applications, stating age, present position, salary and giving full details of qualifications and experience, to E. Landucci, Winsley Street, W1, by 13 February 1959. Quote ref. C/27.

CUMBERLAND EDUCATION COMMITTEE
ASSISTANT TO FURTHER EDUCATION AND YOUTH OFFICER

As part of a substantial development in further education, the Authority propose to appoint an additional man or woman Assistant to the Further Education and Youth Officer. Applicants should be suitably qualified for work among young people and have experience in the field of informal further education. The Authority's staff already includes an officer responsible for out-of-door activities; the additional Assistant will be expected to show ability in, and foster the development of, complementary activities such as drama, art or music. Salary will be in accordance with Grade B of the Burnham Scale for teachers in establishments of further education. (Men £682 10s. 0d × £26 5s. 0d. to £1,076 5s. 0d.; Women £609 × £21 to £861, with equal pay adjustments.) A van will be provided.

Forms of application and further particulars may be obtained from The Director of Education, 5 Portland Square, Carlisle, to whom completed forms should be returned within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement.

G. N. C. SWIFT,
Clerk of the Council.

The Courts,
Carlisle.

UNIVERSITY of Otago, Dunedin, New Zealand. Chair of Philosophy. Applications are invited for the Chair of Philosophy. The Chair will be vacant from May 1959, but the University will be prepared to arrange with the successful applicant a convenient date on which he should take up his duties. The salary is £2,190 per annum. Further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1, or from J. W. Hayward, Registrar. Applications close on 31 March 1959.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

NORTHERN POLYTECHNIC,
HOLLOWAY, LONDON, N7.

The Governing Body invites applications for appointment as PRINCIPAL of the Northern Polytechnic. Candidates should possess high academic qualifications and appropriate educational and administrative experience. Salary scale – £2,467 10s. rising by annual increments of £105 to £2,782 10s. per annum, plus London Allowance. In determining the commencing salary, increments, subject to the maximum of the scale, might be given to a suitable candidate. Duties will commence on 1 January, 1960, or such date as may be agreed.

The Northern Polytechnic is a major Regional Technical College. To meet current needs and to provide for future development, a large site adjacent to the Polytechnic is now being acquired for a substantial extension.

Form of application, together with full particulars, will be forwarded on request, and should be returned to me, duly completed, not later than 31 March, 1959.

R. H. CURRELL, ACA.
Clerk.

CITY OF SHEFFIELD

SOCIAL WORKERS (Male or Female) required for duties in regard to the Mental Health Service, and for Care of the Aged and Socially Inadequate Families. It is desirable that candidates should hold a Social Science Diploma or equivalent qualification, or have had suitable experience in comparable posts.

Salary grade APT I (£575-725) for qualified appointments. Post superannuable, medical examination.

Applications stating age, qualifications, experience, present and previous appointments (with dates and salaries) and two referees should reach the undersigned by 12 February, 1959.

John Heys,
Town Clerk,
Town Hall,
SHEFFIELD, 1.

THE FARMERS' WEEKLY
requires

1. A Technical Feature Writer with a degree or diploma in general agriculture and a special interest in farm management. Previous journalistic experience not essential.

2. A General Features Writer with a wide knowledge of agriculture, capable of producing well-written and documented field stories as well as reporting technical conferences.

Applications in writing to the Editor, Farmers' Weekly, Fleet St, London, EC4.

SHROPSHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE

Applications invited for appointment as YOUTH OFFICER for SOUTH SHROPSHIRE. Suitable qualifications include Degree or Diploma,, teaching experience, or training and experience in Youth work. Salary £708 15s. × £26 5s. – £997 10s., starting point according to experience and qualifications. Car allowance.

Forms, due back by 7 February, and further details (s.a.e.) from H. Martin Wilson, Secretary for Education, County Buildings, Shrewsbury.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF ART
Exhibition Road, London, SW7

Applications are invited for the post of PERSONAL ASSISTANT AND SECRETARY to the Principal, Mr Robin Darwin, from women of good education. Applicants must be competent at shorthand and typing.

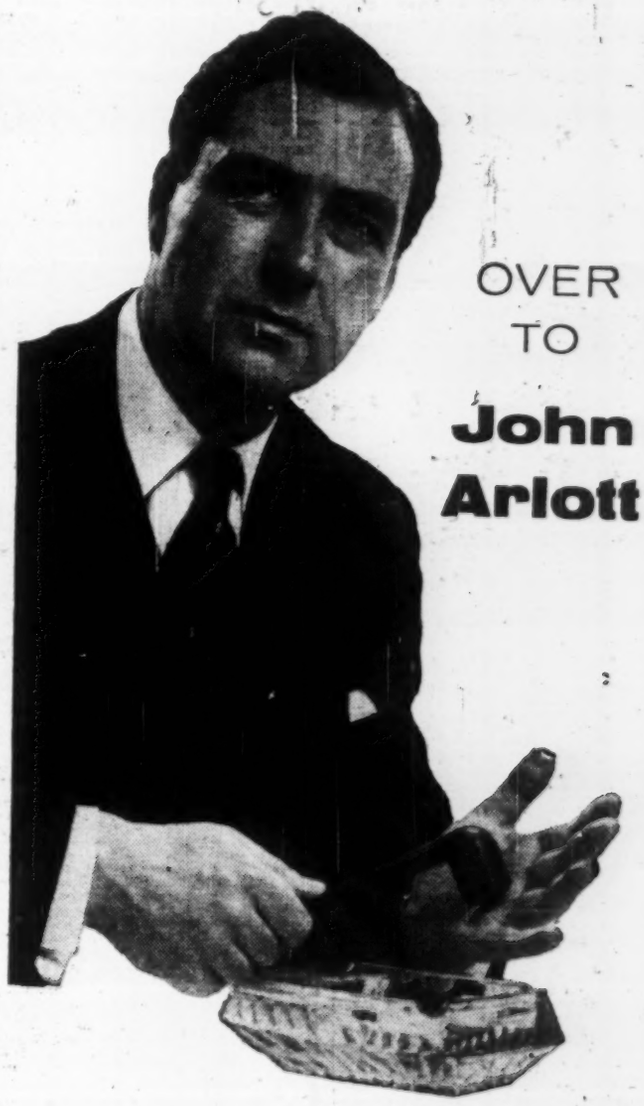
Salary within scale £480 × £20 – £700 p.a., according to qualifications and experience.

Application form and details from the Registrar.

CLINICAL Psychologist (sole, whole-time) required at Broadmoor Institution, Crowthorne, Berks (920 beds), for persons of unsound mind of criminal tendencies. Salary £790 (age 25), £945 (age 30 or over), to £1,080. National Health Service conditions and superannuation. Further information from Medical Superintendent to whom applications naming three referees should be sent before 7 February 1959.

ASSISTANT Housemothers, resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedroom and good holidays. Minimum salary £30 16s. 8d. per month, less valuation of emoluments. Apply Children's Officer, Essex County Council, 220-4, London Road, Chelmsford.

More Appointments Vacant on page 170



OVER TO
John Arlott

Talking of the Ashes...

I'm only now tapping out my pipe after the best part of an hour's enjoyable innings with St. Bruno. And that's one of the reasons why this tobacco is so satisfying. You have a much longer time to enjoy the very special flavour of slow-burning St. Bruno. For me there's only one pipe tobacco . . . and that's St. Bruno.

You're bound to like

St BRUNO

the most popular flake of all

4/6 an ounce

6163a

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—cont. from p. 169

ASSISTANT Director of Examinations (Classics). Pensionable post in the Civil Service Commission, London, for man or woman will become vacant about 1/9/59, with good (preferably first class) honours degree in Classics or in Classics and another subject, preferably Politics, Economics or Philosophy. University, school or other teaching experience desirable; experience of public examining, interviewing or administration an advantage. Duties include discussion and preparation of examination papers from GCE to Final Honours level; administrative work in connection with competitions; interviewing; talks to schools. Selection by interview in March 1959. Starting salary according to experience and present salary on scale £1,075-£1,870 subject to increase. Teaching service may be aggregated with Civil Service for superannuation purposes. FSSU may count as qualifying service. Promotion possibilities within the Commission or to administrative work. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application form quoting 4928/59. Closing date 12 February 1959.

BBC requires Turkish Programme Organiser (British Subject). Successful candidate will be in charge of the Turkish Section. Duties include planning and supervision of programmes and transcriptions in Turkish, allocation of work to Programme Assistants, writing and editing of scripts and day-to-day study of conditions in Turkey and wide familiarity with South East European and Near Eastern developments. Knowledge of Turkish language is important in many aspects of the job. Some administrative experience is also desirable. Salary £1,255 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional), rising by seven annual increments to £1,735 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.969, N.Stn) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires Assistant Head of Children's Hour Department (Sound Broadcasting). Duties include acting as deputy for Head of Children's Hour, reading and critical assessment of programme material, producing all types of Children's Hour programmes, reading stories and presenting programmes at the microphone. Some knowledge of music and children's literature, understanding of children's interests and an acceptable microphone voice essential. An Arts degree and experience of radio production desirable. Salary £1,550 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by seven annual increments to £2,135 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.968, N.Stn.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

MEMORIAL University of Newfoundland. Department of English. Assistant Professor to teach Old English, Middle English, Linguistics and Phonetics and to share in the teaching of First Year Language and Literature. The person appointed will be required to take part in a linguistic survey of Newfoundland which is being undertaken by the Department, with special reference to the spoken language. Previous experience in such surveys will be a strong recommendation. Grants in aid of research are available. Salary $5,400 × $100 – $7,000 per annum. Applications should include complete curriculum vitae, the names and addresses of three referees and one copy of a recent photograph of the candidate. They should be sent to the President, Memorial University of Newfoundland, St John's, Newfoundland, Canada, to reach him by 28 February 1959. In addition three copies of application only should be sent to the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1, by the same date.

FRENSHAM Heights, Rowledge, Farnham, Surrey (co-educational boarding school). Required in September: 1. A graduate master or mistress to teach Chemistry to A. and S. levels. House or flat available after one year. 2. A trained teacher, preferably resident, to be responsible for boys' Physical Education and to teach a little English or Mathematics in lower forms. Housemastership with free accommodation probable after one year for suitable man. Ability to help with Sailing Club an advantage in both appointments. Burnham Scale. Government Superannuation. Apply to Headmaster by letter (not typed) giving details of training and experience and enclosing testimonials.

FEDERAL Government of Nigeria. Male Social Welfare Officer, preferably 30 to 40, required to establish and organise adult probation work in the Social Welfare Department. Experience in adult probation work essential, also a professional qualification in this or in Social Science. One-tour contract of 12-18 months. Salary at appropriate point in scale £798 to £1,530. Gratuity on completion of engagement. Outfit and children's allowances. Generous home leave on full pay. Free passages. Quarters at low rental. Low local taxation. Further particulars and application forms from the Director of Recruitment, Colonial Office, London, SW1, quoting BCD 130/14/05.

UNITED Nations Association reqs Secretarial Assistant for work with students. A, 18 to 27. Typing 45-50; shorthand 80-100. Exper. desirable. Scale £350 × £25 to £450. Apply immed. UNA, 25 Charles St., W1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

POPLAR Technical College, Secondary Technical Boys' School (a school of 250 pupils with age range of 13+ to 16+). Qualified masters required as soon as possible for (a) English and Religious Instruction (£125 allowance, subject to review); (b) Physical Training (portable apparatus) and games (£75 allowance, subject to review); (c) General Subjects (lower classes). Burnham P. and S. salary scale £475 × £25 – £900 plus additions for qualifications and training and London Allowance. Application forms from Secretary at College, Poplar High Street, E14, to be returned by 4 February, 1959. (138.)

WORKERS' Educational Association – Yorkshire District (South). Applications are invited for the post of organising-tutor in North-East Derbyshire. Applicants should be Honours graduates in history, economics or other subjects appropriate to adult education. Salary scale £650 × £50 to £1,200. Closing date twenty-one days after the appearance of this advertisement. Application forms and further details from District Secretary, WEA, 26 Campo Lane, Sheffield 1.

WORKERS' Educational Association – Yorkshire District (South). Applications are invited for the post of Organiser in Sheffield. Salary scale £600 × £25 to £800. Closing date for applications 21 February 1959. Application forms and further particulars from District Secretary, WEA, 26 Campo Lane, Sheffield, 1.

EDITORIAL Assistant to help in revising postal courses, editing drafts, monthly magazine, etc. Capacity to write good English important. Interest in Trade Union Movement and Current Affairs an advantage. 38½-hour week with Saturday concession; 3 weeks annual holiday; superannuation scheme. Salary scale £500 × 40 to £700 per annum, commencing rate depending on qualifications and experience. Some assistance with housing available for married applicant. Apply J. P. M. Millar, General Secretary, National Council of Labour Colleges, Tillicoultry.

WORKER required to investigate the leisure-time activities of young people within a compact area of a Northern industrial city and to undertake experiments to extend their interests. Salary within range £650-£750. Further details from Box 5816.

PART-time Appeals Organiser for Welfare Assn. SE London. Hon. £50. Scope for initiative and imagination. Box 5875.

LONDON County Council. Education Officer's Department. Experienced Social Workers, designated assistant organisers of children's care work, required to recruit, train, and advise voluntary workers forming care committees attached to London schools. Opportunities for wide and varied work dealing with school children in their family relationships. Social science qualifications and/or experience of family case work desirable. Salary scale £592 10s.-£792 10s. Commencing rate according to qualifications and experience. The posts are temporary in the first instance but normally lead to permanent appointment later. Application forms with full details, obtainable from Education Officer (EO/Estab. 2/C), the County Hall, London, SE1, returnable by 6 February, 1959. (142.)

THE London Probation Service. Applications are invited from qualified and experienced social caseworkers (men and women) for appointment as probation officers in the London Probation Service. Appointment will be followed by a short period of orientation. Appointments are subject to confirmation after one year and are superannuable. Applicants must be prepared to work in any part of the Metropolitan Magistrates' Courts Area. Further details and application forms from Probation Division (Room 704), Home Office, 271-277, High Holborn, WC1.

THE Probation Service. Applications are invited from men with social science qualifications, or experience of social work, for training for probation work in Greater London. Appointment as salaried probation officers will follow on successful completion of about six months initial training during which maintenance allowances will be payable. Training will be continued after appointment. Details and application forms from Probation Division (Room 704), Home Office, 271-277 High Holborn, WC1. Last date for applications 13 February, 1959.

NORTHUMBERLAND County Council invite applications for the post of trained and experienced Family Case Worker (Male or Female) with Social Science qualifications for intensive rehabilitation work with selected families. Salary £575 to £725. The post is pensionable and the successful candidate will be required to pass a medical examination. Applicns, stating age, qualifications, exper. and names of two referees, should be sent to County Medical Officer, County Hall, Newcastle upon Tyne 1, as soon as possible.

SETTLEMENT in East London, recently rebuilt, requires Resident Sub-Warden/Club Leader. Box 5805.

MANAGER wanted to take full responsibility for domestic side of Otterburn Hall, Northumberland, a holiday and conference estate, accommodation 100. To start, if possible, in March. Some experience of catering and staff control essential. Small cottage available if required. Please send copies of recent testimonials and/or names of persons to whom reference can be made. Please apply not later than Mon., 9 Feb., to Sec., Otterburn Hall, Otterburn, Northumberland.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Southampton – Department of Economics. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in Sociology. Candidates should have a good Honours Degree in Sociology, or Economics with Sociology. Salary scales: Lecturer £900 × £50 – £1,350 × £75 – £1,650, with an efficiency bar at £1,300. Assistant Lecturer £700 × £50 – £850. The initial salary will depend on qualifications and experience. Further particulars should be obtained from the Secretary and Registrar, to whom applications (7 copies from UK applicants) should be sent not later than 28 February.

MIDDLESEX County Council. Assistant Leaders (part-time) at Mixed & Boys' Clubs in Willesden. Fee 20s. p. eve. Full particulars & application forms (s.a. f'scap envelope) from Borough Education Officer, 163 Willesden Lane, NW6, returnable by 9 February (Quote Z63, NS).

READING Education Committee. Child Guidance Hostel, 2 St Peter's Hill, Caversham. Resident Woman Assistant required. The hostel accommodates twelve children (boys and girls) who attend local schools. It is administered in co-operation with the Child Guidance Clinic. Salary scale: £370-£440 per annum, less £116 per annum for board, lodging, etc. An additional payment may be made for approved qualifications. Forms and particulars may be obtained from Dr Ella Ward, Child Guidance Clinic, 27 Kidmore Road, Caversham, Reading. Completed applications must be returned to Dr Ward within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement. (Signed) P. S. Taylor, Chief Education Officer, Education Office, Blagrave Street, Reading.

MATRON/Housekeeper required from Easter: domestic and catering responsibility for Residential College of 40 men students. Salary scale £300 by £15 to £400 plus full board-residence and superannuation: position on scale according to qualifications and experience. Annual holidays – 6 weeks. Further particulars from Warden, Fircroft College, Selly Oak, Birmingham 29.

THE National Institute for the Deaf requires, as soon as possible, a part-time director to plan in detail and supervise Survey of deaf people who have left schools for the deaf and partially deaf within the last ten years. Anyone interested in this position should apply in writing for particulars to the Sec., NID, 105 Gower Street, London, WC1.

LONDON reference book publishers require a man or woman with successful experience of advertising by direct mail. Good salary for person with ability to maintain and extend an international card index, organise large-scale campaigns, and write persuasive sales letters in good English. Full particulars to Box 5782.

INTERESTING post for experienced caseworker with interest in community development. Pension fund, salary in region of £550. Applns to Edinburgh Council of Social Service, 11 St Colme St, Edinburgh 3.

DESIGN Assistant wanted for Sales Promotion department handling variety of catalogues, leaflets, advertising, new products and packaging. Applicants 20-25 yrs must have formal design training and commercial experience. Apply fully to Personnel Officer, ESA, 181 High Holborn, WC1.

LONDON general publisher requires staff for outside editorial work, preparation of MSS for press, proof-reading, indexing, rewrite work, etc. Box 5794.

SHORTHAND-Typist required for professional society. Some personal secretarial duties. Minimum speeds 110/45. No Saturdays. Commencing salary between £425 (age 18) – £550 according to age & exp. Box 5836.

PERSONAL Assistant to Research Officer. Typing essential, shorthand an asset. Must be able to handle figures; experience of economic and statistical research an advantage. Salary according to age and experience, on the scale £9 18s. to £12 13s. 5-day week, generous leave arrangements, non-contributory pension. Applications to General Secretary, Society of Civil Servants, Palace Chambers, Bridge Street, SW1.

TRADE Union office requires an efficient copy-typist with knowledge of all office procedure: some shorthand an advantage. Salary according to age. Apply GRO. 4764.

WELL-known Antiquarian Booksellers in the West End have vacancy for a Shorthand-Typist, good general education, excellent shorthand and typing, and some knowledge of languages essential. Interest in bibliography & the arts an advantage. Apply, with previous exper. & salary reqd, to Box 5759.

DESIGN Research Unit has vacancy for experienced secretary to Senior Architects. Apply in writing to Business Manager, 37 Duke St, London, W1.

EDUCATED women with good shorthand and typing for interesting temporary positions, some with exceptionally short hours. Salaries are excellent. The St Stephen's Secretariat, 3/4 Lincoln's Inn Fields, WC2; 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1.

PART-time secretary for artist inventor. Able organiser. WES. 1302.

PUBLISHERS require secretary, 18/23, for editorial dept. Good shorthand-typing and sense of responsibility essential. 5-day week. Please telephone REG. 0322.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

PHYSICS – Maths. Senior Master (retired) requires post September or later. Write Box 5679.

YOUNG nursery assistant, excel. refs., seeks position. Free now. Box 5815.

SUCCESSFUL, impecunious Composer seeks employment, commissions, etc. Box 5635.

ORIGINAL opening preferably realm Television/Show Business sought by young woman (Public School) with more ambition than experience. Knowledge typing. Car driver. Box 5769.

HOSTESS/Housekeeper, in exch. comf. happy home. Very capable widow, 50's, exp. driver, country lover, own car. Box 5722.

YOUNG woman Honours graduate, shorthand-typing, experienced proof-reader/sub-editor (publishing), seeks interesting post. Box 5865.

MABEL Eyles & Ptners. Sh./typing, translating, duplicating, printing. MOU. 1701.

SCHOLARSHIPS AND STUDENTSHIPS

LEVERHULME RESEARCH AWARDS

EUROPEAN SCHOLARSHIPS 1959

The Leverhulme Trustees offer to British-born subjects normally resident in the United Kingdom two scholarships of £600 for one year (an additional allowance may be paid to a married scholar) for advanced study in a centre of learning in any European country except Great Britain or Ireland. Candidates should be between the ages of 26 and 30 on 1 September 1959 (allowance will be made for National Service).

The scholarships are not intended for students of modern languages; otherwise no subject of study will be excluded but preference will be given to candidates who wish to study in the subjects normally grouped in the Arts faculties of universities.

The closing date for receipt of applications in 28 February 1959 and the scholarships will be tenable from 1 September. Application must be made on form ES obtainable together with further information from the The Secretary, European Scholarships, Leverhulme Research Awards, St Bridget's House, Bridewell Place, London, EC4.

THE University of Manchester. Research Studentships and Research Grants in Economic and Social Studies. Applications are invited for the above studentships and grants, for research in Economics, Economic Statistics, Government, Social Administration, Social Anthropology or Sociology, tenable for one year in the first instance, and renewable for a further period not exceeding two years. The studentships are normally of the value of £350 or £400 per annum. They are offered to candidates who have obtained the degree of Bachelor or Master in this or any other approved University. Applications should be sent not later than 15 February 1959 to the Registrar, The University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

WHERE TO STAY

DEVON. Pentagon Guest House, Stoke Fleming, Dartmouth. In delightful grounds, glorious scenery, near Blackpool Sands. Ideal for Spring hol. Good food, comfort, h. & c. all bedrms. Own produce, poultry. (No children under 5.) Stoke Fleming 231.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure. Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

FARM Holidays – 1959 Farm Holiday Guide describes Britain's best farm and country guest houses, county by county, illustrated. Price 3s. 6d. (postage 6d.). Farm Guide (NS), 18 High St, Paisley.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on and off the beaten track round Britain's coast and country, 5s. post free from Victor Hilton (NS), Sundial House, Torquay.

RYE, Simon the Pieman Tearooms receive a few guests. Tel. Rye 2207.

KESWICK: Highfield Vegetarian Guest House – The Heads. Wonderful scenery, good food. Tel. 508. Write Anne Coupe.

OBERHOFEN, Lake of Thun, Hotel Schlössli. Perfect situation on lakeside, adjoining landing-stage; superb views of Bernese Oberland; h. & c. in all bedrooms; first-class cuisine. Pension terms (incl.) 17-24 fr. per day; with bath 25-28 fr. Reduced rates for April, May, Sept. and October.

PENSION Colin, Kerroc'h-Ploubazlanec, Côtes du Nord. Comfortable rooms, fine position overlooking sea. Quiet & restful.

COTE d'Azur. Typical Provençal hotel. Beautiful, quiet site above sandy beach. Modern comforts 1st-class cuisine. Casino, dancing. Reduced rates up to end of June. Illus. brochure: Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

BELGIUM. Wenduine-on-Sea. Hotel Normandy, nr beach. Full board 21s. incl. Excel. food. El. tram Ostend/Blankenberge.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 172

TUITION by post for GCE, Lond. Univ. Degrees & Diplomas; Law, Professional exams. Mod. fees, instalments. Prosp. from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB, Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals, Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street, LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day & evng classes or private lessons beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

FRENCH conversation. Beginners' courses, discussion groups, private lessons. Lunch hour classes. Correspondence courses (all grades). GCE (London & Oxford) full-time day courses. The Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Rd, London, WC2 (Opposite Garrick Theatre). TRA. 2044.

EX German University Lecturer seeks pupils, English and foreign (any standard). English language, literature, speech. (Highest refs). Write Colin Monro (BA Oxon), 26 Craven Terr., Lancaster Gate, W2.

RUSSIAN lessons given by experienced teacher, Russian lady. Box 5792.

TOUCH-typing &/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of Pianoforte playing – Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin, LRAM, 46 Clarendon Rd, London, W11.

SELF-expression on the piano. Voice training. Musical knowledge unnecessary. David Hadda, LRAM. GLA. 8358.

PAINTING as a Pastime. Mary Law, exhibitor at RA and Paris Salon. Small classes. Beginners welcome. Tel. WIL. 6025.

EASTER AND SUMMER SCHOOLS

SEVEN-day Courses in Dramatic Art under Professional Stage Staff. Leatherhead Repertory Theatre, Surrey, and Chanticleer Theatre, London. Starting April 5, July 5, July 26, Aug. 2, Aug. 9. Eve. Course, Aug. 17. £8 8s. and £5 5s. Syllabus from Director, Marian Naylor, 6 The Keir, Westside, Wimbledon Common, SW19.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group, 11 May to 11 Sept. 1959. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. Book for week, fortnight or longer. Prospectus from Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

FOR Sale. First edition of 'A Room of One's Own' by Virginia Woolf (Signed)—the 29th copy of 100 issued by Robert S. Josephy in Oct. 1929. What offers? Box 5147.

UNEMPLOYMENT Benefit & Trade Dispute Disqualification; Steel Slump; Convertibility? 'Labour Research', 9d. (11d. p.f.). 161 Drury Lane, London, WC2.

THE Tory record and 'Election Prospects' examined by R. Palme Dutt in February's Labour Monthly. 'A Memoir of G. D. H. Cole' by R. Page Arnot. Also 'The Suicide Club' (Ivor Montagu); 'Africa Awakened' (W. E. B. DuBois); 'Convertibility and After' (J. R. Campbell); 'Shop Stewards Today' (Bill Warman); 1s. 8d. or 9s. half-yearly, post free, Dept. NS, 134 Ballards Lane, N3.

ENVOI poetry magazine, quarterly. Carla Lanyon Lanyon edits Feb.–2s. from Seven Levels, North Place, Cheltenham, Glos.

BOOKS bought, Left emphasis. Van calls Hammersmith Bookshop, W6. RIV. 6807.

GERMAN books bought & sold: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI. 3030.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

EXPERIENCED shorthand-typist requires work to be executed at home. Reading/Newbury area. Mrs. Rogers, Brewery House, Aldermaston. Woolhampton 570.

STELLA Fisher Secretariat, Ltd., 436 Strand, WC2. TEMple Bar 6644. Typewriting, Duplicating, Translations.

MRS Jolly will type or duplicate it for you. 26 Charing Cross Road, WC2. TEM. 5588 and FRE. 3640.

TYPIST with many years' experience authors' work will gladly accept new MSS. Books, plays, theses, French typewriting, etc. Box 5303.

ALL Types of Typewriting and Duplicating done directly. MSS, Plays, Scripts, Short Stories, etc. Speed is the keynote of our efficient, faultless, inexpensive service. Colinad Co., Ltd., 117 City Rd, EC1. CLE. 9637 (5 doors from Old St Tube Stn).

LOOKS like print! New style duplicating by Susan Tully, 63 Wigmore St, W1. HUN. 9893. And standard typewriting service.

FOR rapid and reliable duplicating & typing, reports, theses, references, plays, etc., Abbey Secretarial Bureau, 4 Victoria St, SW1. Rush jobs undertaken. ABB. 3772.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St, London, W8. WES. 5809.

INTELLIGENT typing of plays, novels, theses, etc. Rapid and expert duplicating. Translations. Dictation by telephone. Apollo Agency, 18 Hanover St, W1. MAY. 5091.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

MERLIN was a MAGICIAN

and for discriminating people who prefer the best and who want a holiday that is not produced for the masses, that is pleasantly out of the ordinary, and is really good value for money, Merlin Minshall has created this magical holiday in TUSCANY to give you the best of FLORENCE and SEASIDE

It has eight unique features: 1, NO WEEKEND CROWDED TRAVEL (yet arriving home conveniently on Friday on 17th day). 2, A week to revel in FLORENCE and its blissful surroundings followed by a week to laze on Italy's loveliest beach at CAMAIORE where few English go (or a fortnight at either place). 3, The journey by fast rail arriving in FLORENCE for lunch (two hours after plan) after 4, Comfortable night in all-couchette train, followed by 5, First-class 'Rapido' run along panoramic Italian Riviera. 6, Fabulous choice of hotels: at CAMAIORE in pine woods beside golden sandy beach; in FLORENCE in former British Embassy, or in XVI century Palazzo, or in country mansion (National Monument), or up at Fiesole in cloistered convent or luxury hotel (Architect Michelangelo). Many rooms private bath and w.c. 7, Our amusing side jaunts: for Garden lovers, for students of Italian Art and/or Gastronomy; and to Tuscan village markets. 8, Our resident host in FLORENCE a charming Italian bi-lingual Prince, at CAMAIORE one of our Directors, an intelligent blonde. No other holiday offers all this. The cost? For FLORENCE and CAMAIORE from £47 5s., reductions for families, small supplement for AIR. Send for our illustrated brochure of this and our other magical holidays in SPAIN at IBIZA, or BENIDORM or TORREMOLINOS, and to GREECE, personally conducted by Merlin Minshall to visit Athens, Corinth, Island of Aigina, Delphi, Malta, Naples and Capri.

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HOLIDAY TRAVEL—continued

MEET THE CLUB MEDITERRANEE

You are invited to an informal Film Show at the French Institute on Wednesday, 4 February, at 7.30 p.m. when we will be showing films of the Club Mediterranee's holiday villages in Greece and Italy.

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47 (NS) Old Brompton Road, London, SW7. KEN. 0911 & 8881.

YOU can go by air with Wings and the cost of a 15-day holiday to the Austrian Tyrol, including air fare, hotel accommodation and full board, meals on 'planes, etc., is only 37 gns. Or a fortnight on the Costa Brava costs 41 gns. inclusive. Our 32-page programme contains many examples of complete holidays costing little more than normal air fares alone. Wings Limited, 48a Park Road, London, NW1. AMBassador 1001.

EASTER – Southern Spain and Orange Blossom – 3 weeks – Informal Coach Camping Tour. £25 return fare. Living costs in addn, but picnics and camping keep these down. Some may want hotels, but we shall camp wherever possible. Interested? Box 5768.

JOIN a group to Italy's Adriatic Riviera. Modern Pensione close sea. 3½ hours by Viscount direct. Fortnight £45. Rail £28. Even less June, Sept. Do it on the housekeeping! H. F. Caister, 89 Ulleswater Rd, N14. PAL. 7528.

HOLIDAYS with a 'difference' are organised for a growing number of people who like unconventional and 'off-beat' holidays away from tourist centres. Our programme includes walking holidays in many parts of Europe, sailing off the Dalmatian Coast, sketching near Lugano, camping in Corsica, exploring Greece, Sicily, Macedonia, etc. A p.c. will bring our programme. R.A. Services Ltd, 48a Park Road, London, NW1. AMBassador 1001.

MUNICH Easter cultural holiday. Booking: Trickey, 1 Buckingham Vale, Bristol 8.

SKI. Kitzbuhel Party, 7 to 22 Feb. 40 gns. inclusive. Tel. KNI. 0043 evenings after 8, or write Box 5887.

INDEP. Travel inclusive tours home & abroad. Indiv. arrangements for selected hotels abroad. School parties reduced rates lakeside hotel Brienz April-June. Seven Seas Services, 32B-119 Oxford St, W1. REG. 4317.

P. S. Harold Ingham offers a programme of more than 50 parties in 10 countries, including Language Courses, Art and Architecture parties, and Music Festivals, also a Painting Holiday in Italy. Illustrated programme available from Harold Ingham Ltd, 15 St John's Rd, Harrow. HAR. 1040 & 1087.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

CAMBORNE Hotel, 61-63 Leinster Sq., W2. 'Phone BAY 4886. Charming comfortable service rms, with board, reasonable.

BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35, from 52s. 6d. to 90s. partial board. Applic. forms & information: Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave, NW3.

FLAT-Share Specialists – also furnished flats and rooms. Roy's Bureau, 40 Mortimer Street, W1. MUS. 0512.

HAMPSTEAD – Comf. Students' Residence. Sharing/Single. Good food – TV – Tabletennis. Close Heath & Stn. SWI. 3365.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club. 200 dble & sgle rooms, £4 10s. full board 12 Parkhill Rd., East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

SERVICE rooms, sgle from £2 15s., dble from £3 15s. C.h.w. No colour bar. Beaut. dec. & furn. hse Bayswater. AMB. 2130.

COMFORT, bed-sitting room for prof. or business lady in centrally-heated flat. Fitted basin, h. & c. FINchley 5002 bef. 11 a.m. or lunchtime.

LARGE warm friendly room, Holborn. 4½ gns, including heat, light, use k./b., phone. Box 5784 or HOL. 0618.

SOME spry little lady wants our attic flat, c.h.w., fabulous garden, 22 m. west of Lon., v. rumble. Box 5838.

BUS route 4 miles Reading. 3-rmd furnished self-contained flat offered by professional couple reduced rent exchange light household duties. Unsuitable childn. Box 5672.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—continued

BLACKHEATH, dble b/s., bkfst, high tea, serv. £3 10s. p.w. ea. Box 5743.

WELL-furn. b/s-room. Mod. quiet, clean house. Constant h/w. Linen. HAM. 8698.

BEAUTIFUL double bed-sitter in very good flat. All amenities, MAI. 5317.

BED/sit. with cooking facilities in graduate's house £2 p.w. CANonbury 2143.

NR Baker St, small 1-room flatlet, no sep kit. £3 10s. HAM. 8109 after 4 p.m.

FURN. flatlet: Own kit., well-equipped, own bathrm, comfy bed-sitter. MEA. 2672.

SUNNY furn. sgle room with a view, h. & c., ckg facils. £3. Nr. Tube. TUD. 0516.

PLEASANT b/s., h. & c. water, gas fire, cooker, own meter. 3 gns. CAN. 4554.

SUNNY garden room, furnished, NW3. Ring PRI. 0413.

FOURTH girl wanted share flat NW1. February. £10 monthly. Box 5812.

WEST Hampstead, large divan-room & kitchen, close tube and bus. Colonial students welcomed. Phone MAI. 8982 evgns.

WELL-furn. sitting-room, bed & dressing room, kitchenette. Own meter. Private house. Available mid-Feb. 4 gns. TUD. 7104.

ROOM vacant in house of young people £2 10s. inclusive heating. BAT. 5875.

LARGE, light room in bachelor flat, share kitchen & bathroom with two; musician or artist welcome, £2 5s. PRI. 5508 or write 24 Chalcot Crescent, Regents Pk, NW1.

KENSINGTON. Sunny b/s. mod. Court, c.h., use k., b. Lady only. WES. 2267.

LARGE, pleasant divan sit.-room, 8 mins E Finchley Tube. Ckg facils. Mod. gas fire. Baths, linen, etc. 45s. p.w. TUD. 0423.

ROOM to let for lady in mod. block flat. Willesden, £2 15s. p. week. MEA. 2824.

LARGE bed-sitting room, h. & c., cooking facils, overlooking garden. FIT. 0773.

BED-sit., cooking facs, sink, bath, 'use 'phone, linen provided. 2 gns. Any nationality. E. Finchley. TUD. 8425.

TWO girls, 25, seek third to share flat off Baker Street. Own room. Box 5852.

LIGHT, lge furn. b/s, linen, gas-ring, share bath. 3 gns. W9. Box 5886.

FINCHLEY. Furn. flat, 2 rms, kit. £4 10s. PRI. 6365. Evgs. W/end from 10 a.m.

ACCOMMODATION EXCHANGE

EXCHANGE unfurn. 7-room house, Leytonstone, gas-lit, 38s. 6d. exclus., for flat/studio-flat, Hampstead-Cen. London. Box 5512

ANTIQUE and secondhand furniture shop, main road between Harlesden and Edgware Road. Rent £350 inclusive. Flat over and small garden. Exch. for unfurn. London flat with garden—stock optional. Box 5374.

PROPERTIES TO LET

CORNWALL. Furnished farmhouse (to sleep 6) or cottage (to sleep 4) to let for one week or longer on Higher Trenowin Downs, between Penzance (3½ miles) and St Ives (4½ miles). Apply for full details to J. E. B. Wright, 102a Westbourne Grove, W2.

FURN. Bungalow to let; cent. Lakeland; accom. 4. Not Aug. Box 5658.

S. CORNWALL this year? Make it higgledy piggledy Polruan. Roomy old house, 5 beds, entrancing views over Fowey harbour. 10-16 gns. wkly according to mth. Box 5669.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

YOUNG married couple, no children, req. small furn. flat or flatlet end March; mod. rent, London area. Box 5651.

DR's Sec. (aspiring singer) reqs moderate cen. flatlet, pref. priv. hse, where music apprec'td in reas. doses. Box 5656.

GRAD. Engineer with Hi-Fi sks small flat, Highbury – Manor House. Box 5661.

RESEARCH worker requires good self-contained flat, North London. Box 5596.

WOMAN graduate seeks small unfurn. flat (or share) Bayswater. Box 5725.

REMAINDER of lease (6 mths) for modern s/c flat Chiswick, 3 rms k. & b. with some f. & f. Moving abt end Mar. Box 5754.

GIRL wants cheap furn. accom., cooking facs. Tel. Central. Box 5896.

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OPERA AND BALLET

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COVENT GARDEN

COVENT GARDEN OPERA

2 & 4 Feb. at 7.30 Salome
5 Feb. at 7.30 Last perf. of The Magic Flute

THE ROYAL BALLET

3 Feb. at 7.30 Ondine
6 Feb. at 7.30 & 7 Feb. at 2.0 Coppelia
7 Feb. at 7.30 The Lady & the Fool; La Fête Etrange; Mam'zelle Angot

COV. 1066

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE
TER. 1672

Evenings 7.30

3 Feb. The Flying Dutchman
4 Feb. Falstaff
5 Feb. The Merry Widow
6 Feb. Samson & Delilah
7 Feb. Eugene Onegin

OPERA Circle. Prokofieff's 'Fiery Angel'. Intro. by Stanford Robinson with John Cameron, Thomas Hemsley, John Mitchinson, Robert Thomas, Peter Gellhorn. Sun. 1 Feb. at 8 p.m. 4 St James's Sq., SW1. Partics: Hon. Sec., Opera Circle, WES. 7513.

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Tu/Fr. 8. St., Sn., 5, 8. 'Traveller Without Luggage.' Mems.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Glamour & Girls. Non-stop Revue. 3-yr. Fr. 2.30, Sun. 4. 10th Ed. Call-send 27s. 6d. for mems' tckt.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. 7.30. Th. 2.30. S. 5 & 8.15. The Long & The Short & The Tall. 'Should run for ever.' S. Graph.

TH. Royal, E15. MAR. 5973, Evgs 8.0, Sats, 5.0 & 8.0. 'A Taste of Honey.'

UNITY EUS. 5391. Puerto Franco, L. Peck's new play. Fri., Sat. Sun. 7.45 Mems.

CONCERTS

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL
(WAT. 3191)

THIS SUNDAY, 1 FEB., 3.0 p.m.

INTERNATIONAL CHAMBER CONCERT
SMETANA QUARTET

Quartet in C, K.465 ..... Mozart
Quartet No. 2 ..... Janacek
Quartet in E minor ..... Smetana

Tickets: 12s. 6d., 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s.

SUNDAY, 1 Feb., Royal Festival Hall, 7.30. Mozart: Symphony No. 34, Violin Concerto No. 4, Divertimento K.247, Prague Symphony. London Symphony Orchestra. Soloist: Campoli. Cond.: Peter Maag. 5s.-21s. WAT. 3191 & Agents.

LONDON Harpsichord Ensemble with Maria Korchinska, Harp. Works by Vivaldi, Couperin & Rameau. Lawes, Bach, J. C. Bach. Royal Festival Hall, Recital Rm., Sat., 7 Feb., 8.15. WAT. 3191.

ASIAN Music Circle. Pres., Yehudi Menuhin. Srimati Indrani and her musicians. Dances of India. Return visit by popular demand. Tues., 3 Feb., 8 p.m., at St Pancras Town Hall, Euston Rd, NW1. Tues., 10 Feb., 7.30. Lecture-Recital at School of Oriental and African Studies, Univ. of London, WC1 (Adm. 2s. 6d.). Sat., 14 Feb., Matinee 2.30, King George's Hall, Great Russell St, WC1. Sat., 14 Feb., Evg 8 p.m., The French Institute, Queensbury Pl., SW7. Tkts: Members 3s., 5s, 6d., 8s. and 12s. 6d. Guests 4s., 7s., 10s. and 15s. Price reductions for ballet clubs, schools, parties, etc. Tickets and all inf. re membership (20s. p.a., students 7s. 6d.), classes in Indian dancing, Sitar, Tabla (drums), etc., at door before concert or from Sec., AMC, 18 Fitzalan Rd, N3. FIN. 2934.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Music, Poems and Songs by Bertolt Brecht. Set to music by Kurt Weil, Hanns Eisler and Paul Dessau. Spoken, sung and introduced by Hedli Anderson with piano accordion and guitar. Thursday, 5 February, 8.15 p.m. Members 5s. Guests 7s. 6d.

FOLK Song Concert with Bob and Ron Copper, Cecil Sharp House, 2 Regents Park Road, NW1, 1 Feb. 7.30 p.m. Tickets 3s. 6d. (EFDSS members 2s. 6d.) at door.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL
(WAT. 3191)

THIS SATURDAY, 31 JAN., 3.0 p.m.

COLOUR FILM
WILD SPAIN

Wild life inside Europe's most richly populated bird sanctuary. Coto Doñana.
Commentary by
ERIC HOSKING

Tickets, 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d.

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns.). A Prog. of Films on 'British Graphic Art' (U).

ROXY (BAY. 2345) W/c 1 Feb. Robert Dhery's Famous Show 'Femmes de Paris' A. (London). 'Fernandel Joins the Army' A.

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

EVERYMAN, Ham. 1525. Until 1 Feb. Chinese film, 'New Year Sacrifice' (U). From 2 Feb. First public perf. of Free Cinema. 'Momma Don't Allow' (U), 'Short Vision' (X), 'Together' (U), 'Lumière Programme' (U), Massingham, Chris Barber, etc.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to Don Simmon's Group. Today, Sat., 31 Jan., 8-11 p.m. Mems 3s. and their guests 5s.

DANCE, 7.30, Sat., 31 January, S. Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Tickets 4s. Public welcome.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED'S recent reproductions – Boudin, Lorjou, Modigliani, Marquet on sale at all good printshops. Illus. Catalogue 1s. 6d. from 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Paintings by Fontana, Crippa, Dova, Clemente, from the Damiano Collection. Closing 14 February. Weekdays 10-6, Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s. Members free. Library: Photographs by Charles Damiano. Until 14 February.

WOOLLANDS of Knightsbridge in conjunction with Conran Fabrics Ltd., present in their Modern Interiors from 2 to 14 February a stimulating Exhibition of new designs in furnishing fabrics by Timo Sarpaneva, the famous Finnish architect.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: 'Pictures for Schools Exhibition,' organised by the Society for Education through Art. 1-21 Feb. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mons. Adm. free. Adjoins Aldgate E. Stn.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. Six British Painters: Ballard, Burr, Daniels, Davison, Mason, Whishaw. Closing 7 February.

LOVIS Corinth: 1858-1925. An Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 15 February: Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Sun. 2-6. Adm. 1s.

YOUR Children will want details of how to enter the 12th annual National Exhibition of Children's Art. For leaflet send a stamped addressed envelope to: National Exhibition of Children's Art (B), Sunday Pictorial, Fetter Lane, London, EC4. Closing date for entries 26 February.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W1. XIX and XX Century French Paintings on View. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

MARLBOROUGH 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. Theodor Werner – Paintings: Woty – Tapestries. First Exhibition in England. Closes Feb. 14. Daily 10-5; Sats. 10-12.30.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions Mon.-Friday, 10-5. Adm. free.

PICTURE framing, prints, pottery, cards. Hogarth Gallery, 16a Hogarth Place, SW5. Close to Earls Court Station. Open all day Sat. Tel. FRE. 3328.

WADDINGTON Galleries. The Bombardment of Sakiet and Other Pictures, Peter de Francia. 2 Cork Street, W1. 10-6, Sat. 10-1

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. First London Exhibition Nicholas Georgiadis: New Paintings Mary Fedden: continuation of 'Gravures en couleurs'. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

AIA Gallery, 15 Lisle St, Leicester Sq., WC2. Picture Lending Library Exhibition. Yearly subscription £1 1s. and 7s. 6d. per month per painting.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay Street, W1 (GERrard 3529). Winter Miscellany.

POLLOCK'S Toy Museum and Toy Theatres. Admission free. Open 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. 44 Monmouth Street, Cambridge Circus, WC2.

RUSSIAN paintings from the 13th to the 20th century. An Arts Council Exhibition. Royal Academy. Till 1 March, Weekdays 10-7. Sunday 2-6. Admission 2s. 6d.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George Street, W1. Adrian Heath – Paintings. Hans Reichel – Watercolours. Until 13 February. 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

EVIE Hone: Stained glass, paintings, drawings. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 15 February. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues & Thurs 10-8. Adm. 1s.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. South African Painters in Europe – Andrzej Kuhn. 2-21 Feb. 10-6, Sats 10-1.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Water colours and Inks from Haiti and Alabama by Rene Laubies.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CAMPAIGN FOR NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT
PUBLIC MEETING

Chingford Community Centre,
Friday Hill House,
4 February, 8 p.m.

Dr Alex Comfort
Rev. R. Waters
Donald Ford.

143 Fleet Street, EC4.

University & Left Review Club
ISAAC DEUTSCHER on
'ROSA LUXEMBOURG'
The Marquee (next Academy Cinema),
Oxford St, W1
Mon., 2 Feb., 7.30. 2s. Mems. 1s.
Monthly Members' Meeting, Sun., 1 Feb., 7.30, 7 Carlisle St, W1.

MENTAL Health Bill Emergency Conference. Speakers: Mr Norman Dodds, MP, Dr Donald Johnson, MP, Dr Bruce Cardew (Medical Practitioners' Union), Mr R. K. George and Mr Frank Haskell (witnesses of the NCCL before the Royal Commission). Chairman: Malcolm B. Purdie. Saturday, 7 February, Caxton Hall, 2.30 p.m.-5 p.m. and 6 p.m.-8 p.m. Tickets: members 1s., visitors 2s. 6d., delegates 2s. 6d. Org. by the National Council for Civil Liberties, 293 New Kings Rd, SW6.

CAUSES and Effects of Social Isolation: Progressive League Conference, 6-8 Mar., at Bracklesham Bay Hotel, nr Chichester. Chairman: K. Bowden; Dr R. Fletcher: The Individual, Community and Communications; Dr F. K. Taylor: Psychological Aspects; Dr G. M. Carstairs: Community Studies in the East and in the West; Dr G. Lee: Community and Social Isolation Among the Zulu; Miss D. McClellan: Practical Aspects of the Problem. Fee: £3 17s. 6d. Full partics from and bookings to: Mrs A. Fried, 15 Cavendish Road, London, NW6. (WIL. 1637.)

WORLD Jewish Congress – British Section. Jewish Forum. Monday, 2 February at 8 p.m. Council Room, West London Synagogue, 33 Seymour Place, London, W1. 'Darwinism and The Bible'. Dr Cyril Bibby, Lecturer in University of London, Institute of Education; Mr Ritchie Calder, Scientific Journalist & Broadcaster; The Rev. A. Stephan Hopkinson, Director General, Industrial Christian Fellowship; Rabbi Dr Louis Jacobs, Minister, New West End Synagogue. In the Chair: Dr S. A. Miller, Hon. Secretary, World Jewish Congress, British Section. Questions & discussion.

'CHINA'S Communes'. Eye – witness account by Ella Winter (Journalist), G. C. T. Giles (Educationist), Betty Giles (Housewife). Family Life, Wages, Militia – your questions answered. Wednesday, 11 February, 7.30 p.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Admission free. Arranged by: Britain-China Friendship Association, 228 Gray's Inn Rd, WC1.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Wed., 4 February, 'Indonesia and the West', Dr Sunario, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. 7.30 p.m. Vis. 2s. 6d.

HOWARD League. Professor H. J. Eysenck, PhD. 'Psychology and the Criminal: Some Recent Experiments'. Caxton Hall, SW1, Tues., 3 Feb., 6.30 p.m.

AFRICAN Forum delegate Joseph Murumbi on Accra All-African Conference, 3 Feb., 7.30. Partisan, 7 Carlisle St, W1.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W11. PARk 7696. Fri., 30 Jan., 8 p.m. Mark Dignam: 'Shakespearean Actors in Soviet Union'. Chairman: Andre Van Gyseghem. Fri., 6 Feb., 8 p.m. Hugh McLean (Harvard): 'Lefkov'.

LAWRENCE Alloway talks on Recent American Painting, Finsbury Central Library, Skinner St, Rosebery Avenue, EC1, Monday, 2 Feb., 8.30 (arr. Finsbury Art Group). Non-members 1s. 6d.

'SIR Edward Brampton, Governor of Guernsey, and Richard Duke of York' – a talk by Cecil Roth, MA, FR Hist.S, Caxton Hall, Westminster, Wed. 11 Feb, 8 p.m. Details from: Hon. Secy, Fellowship of the White Boar, Miss I. Wigram, 39 Lennox Gdns, London, SW1.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Public Lecture, Wed. 4 Feb., 6.30 sharp: 'Stages on the Path', M.O'C. Walshe. Also Study Classes: Theravada Tue. 3 Feb., 6.30 (M.O'C. Walshe), Mahayana Fri. 6 Feb., 6.30 (Dr P. S. Jaini). Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way' for all Buddhist news and views. Application forms now ready for Summer School, Hoddesdon, 28 Aug.-4 Sep., £9 incl. Information TAT. 1313.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

HALDANE Society. Conference on Laws Against Race Discrimination. Main report by Neil Lawson, QC, Friends House, Euston Road, NW1, Sat. 7 Feb., 2 p.m.-6 p.m. Tickets (3s. 6d.) from B. Marder, 2 Paper Buildings, Temple, EC4.

ITALIAN Institute (39 Belgrave Square, SW1) Wed., 4 Feb., at 6.30 p.m., Bruno Zevi (Professor of Architecture at the University of Venice and Editor of L'Architettura) on 'Problems of Italian Post-War Architecture' (in English) with slides. Admission free.

BRITISH-Asian and Overseas Socialist Fellowship 'Any Questions?' meeting: Question-master, Mr J. L. Jones (TGWU), Dr David Pitt, Kenneth Younger, MP, John Dugdale, MP, Dr H. Roy. Sunday, 1 February, at Midland Institute, Paradise St, Birmingham. 3-6 p.m. Adm. 1s.

BRITISH-Asian & Overseas Socialist Fellowship (London). Discussion meeting Wed. 4 Feb. 7.30 p.m., Partisan, 1st floor, 7, Carlisle St, W1. Dr Carlo Doglio on 'The Nenni Socialist Party Congress'. Adm. 1s.

SHAW Society: Dr V. Purcell ('Myra Buttle' of 'The Sweeniad') on 'Satire & the Establishment'; 7 Albemarle St, W1, 30 Jan., 7 p.m. Non-mems 2s. 6d.

BRITISH-Yugoslav Society at Arts Theatre Club, 6-7 Great Newport St, WC2, Mon. 2 February, 6.30 p.m. Dr S. Pecjak (Press Counsellor to Yugoslav Embassy), 'Yugoslavia – the concept of a Nation'.

AN 'In' group looking Out – the New Jewish Society meets every Wednesday at 8 p.m. at 36 Hallam St, W1. Meetings (including debates, discussions, lectures & symposia) range over most of the Arts & some of the Sciences. Information from the Secretary, 8 Woollaston Rd, N4. (MOU. 9007.)

POETS' Evening – Alan Brownjohn and Adrian Mitchell; Chairman, Taner Baybars. Ben Uri Literary Circle, 14 Portman St, W1. Sunday 1 Feb., 8 p.m.

S. PLACE Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sun. 11 a.m. 1 Feb. Prof. T. H. Pear, 'Conflicting Loyalties in Modern Society'. Write for free 'Record'. Chamber Music Concert 6.30 p.m.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Holland Street, W8. 7 February at 6 p.m. French film: Port des Lilacs.

HAMPSTEAD Humanist Society – Nigel Calder: Science and People 1959. At 37 Broadhurst Gdns, Tues. 3 Feb. at 7.15.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Literature. Arthur Mizener: J. D. Salinger. Tuesday, 10 February, 6.30 p.m. Members 1s. 6d., Guests 2s. 6d.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8, Sun., 1 February, 6.30, Music & Readings. 7 p.m. H. J. Blackham: The Basis of Humanist Morality.

CONWAY Discussions. South Place Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Tues. 7.15 p.m. 3 Feb. J. B. Coates, BA, 'A Humanist Ideal of Sex and Marriage'.

W. Q. JUDGE: Public Lectures on his Writings. Sun. 1 Feb., 8 p.m. 'An Epitome of Theosophy'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. (PAD. 0688.)

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10. Sun., 1 Feb., 5 p.m., Swami Mukhyananda will speak of Swami Vivekananda. Vedanta magazine 2s. 6d.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. Londn H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures entitled 'Economic Growth and the Problem of Inflation' will be delivered by Mr N. Kaldor (Cambridge) at 5 p.m. on 6 and 13 February at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton St, Aldwych, WC2. Adm. free, without tkt. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

'RACE Relations,' Fabian Weekend School, Dorking, 20-22 Feb. Details from 11 Dartmouth St, SW1. WHI. 3077.

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